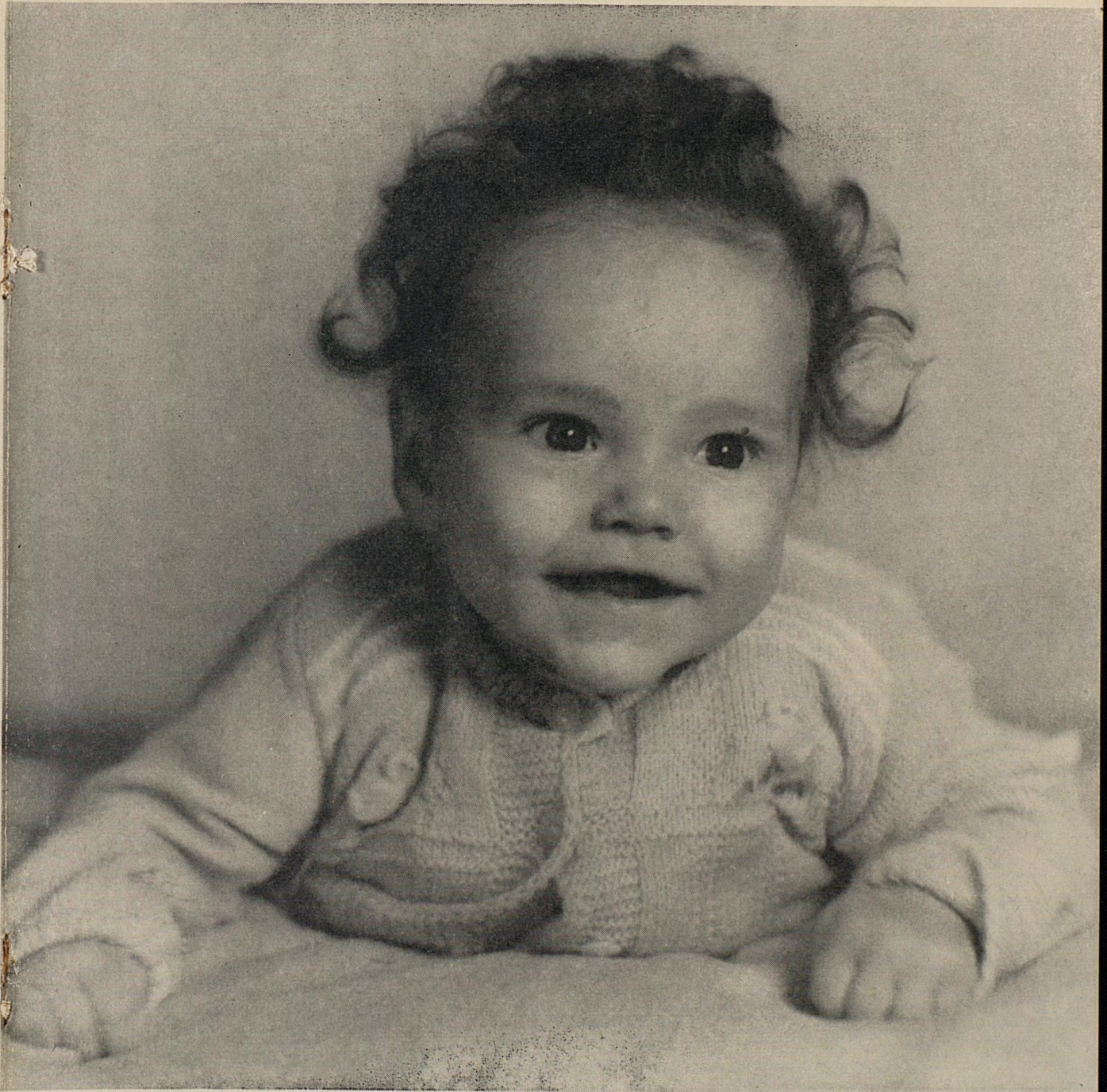


The Quarterly Bulletin
of
Frontier Nursing Service

Volume 30

Autumn, 1954

Number 2



JEANNE MARLENE WOOTON

at three months

THE HEROINE OF OUR TEN THOUSANDTH MATERNITY CASE

See inside cover page for story

Jeanne Marlene, the daughter and first-born child of Mr. and Mrs. George Wooton, and the granddaughter of Mr. Curt Wooton, was born at Hyden Hospital on July 1, 1954. Apart from the fact that she is a radiant baby, beautiful and happy, and that her people are leading citizens and old friends of ours, apart from all of that, she is statistically important. Her mother, Sally Melton Wooton, was our ten thousandth registered maternity case. Of these 10,000 mothers, 7,514 were attended and delivered in their own homes.

To complete the statistical picture of these 10,000 registered midwifery cases, it should be reported that there were 11 maternal deaths—5 in the homes, 4 in Hyden Hospital, and 2 in out-post nursing centers to which the patients had been moved by stretcher when winter travel made the longer trip to Hyden Hospital impossible.

We feel that Jeanne Marlene's lovely picture casts a benediction over the eleventh thousand series of midwifery cases upon which we entered in July.

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BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
Is it really come again?
With its memories and greetings,
With its joy and with its pain.
There's a minor in the carol,
And a shadow in the light,
And a spray of cypress twining
With the holly wreath to-night.
And the hush is never broken
By the laughter light and low,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow!"

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
'Tis not so very long
Since other voices blended
With the carol and the song!
If we could but hear them singing,
As they are singing now—
If we could but see the radiance
Of the crown on each dear brow;
There would be no sigh to smother,
No hidden tear to flow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow!"

O Christmas, merry Christmas!
This never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days
Of our unshadowed glee.
But Christmas, happy Christmas,
Sweet herald of good-will,
With holy songs of glory
Brings holy gladness still.
For peace and hope may brighten,
And patient love may glow,
As we listen in the starlight
To the "bells across the snow!"

Frances Ridley Havergal—Christmas 1874

A FOOTNOTE TO BELLS ACROSS THE SNOW

I found this poem on an old-time English Christmas card in my mother's Bible. The card has a picture of a church in snow-covered fields and the history of the poem, which follows.

M. B.

"The ancient church of Linton, Herefordshire, has five very sweet-toned bells. In the winter of 1874-5, there was much snow on the ground, during which time these bells were heard wonderfully clear, and even more melodious than at other times, by the brother of Miss Havergal, who is the Incumbent of an adjoining parish. This circumstance was alluded to in a letter to his sister, who was so impressed with the idea of "Bells across the Snow," that she at once wrote the well-known lines."

DILCIE DANNER

by

FRANCES L. ZOECKLER, M.D.
Medical Director of Frontier Nursing Service

How can one put into words all that a child like Dilcie has been and now is? There is so much of her that words cannot catch. The infectious grin she had for any who would give her a little attention, the sad look when she was left in her crib while nurses or doctor went off to look after another patient, her laugh—these are all beyond my powers of description.

Dilcie did not always have the laugh and the smile. She was born, one of a pair of twins, in March, 1953 in a part of the Kentucky mountains where the Frontier Nursing Service does not serve. Her twin sister had died of malnutrition, diarrhea, and other infections before Dilcie came to us. Her mother turned up at Hyden Hospital one August afternoon with the baby, then five months old. At first we wondered what was wrapped in the bundle in her arms, and then we wondered, "Is that wee thing living?" One often hears the description of a person being just skin and bones. No other description would fit Dilcie that day. She had weighed four pounds, three ounces at birth and on admission to Hyden Hospital, she weighed only seven pounds and six ounces. She was so weak that she could not cry. But not too weak to take her feedings, though she could not take large amounts at a time.

We soon had Dilcie in a crib and had started to combat the dehydration—created by fever, diarrhea, and inadequate fluid intake—with a subcutaneous infusion of glucose in water. After this Dilcie was put on a formula, and given glucose water by mouth. Progress was slow, but day by day we could see improvement, as her poor starved body received the materials for building. She was given vitamins and iron to supplement her diet; Penicillin, Gantrisin, Kaopectate and Bismuth to combat the diarrhea and upper respiratory infection that had been the last of the series of illnesses she had suffered from in her short five months of life.

Of course Dilcie did not make a steady progress. She did not have the strength to combat infections, and caught frequent

colds. Her digestive tract was easily upset. The nurses watched her carefully, though, and reported the slightest sign of illness, and prompt treatment kept any from becoming severe.

By mid-November Dilcie seemed to be an entirely healthy child. She was still a little undersized, but ate well and was taking baby foods as well as her formula. She weighed thirteen pounds, seven ounces. Her family, who had been faithful in coming to the Hospital to see her during her long stay, despite the distance, were eager to take her home. Dilcie seemed fit to go home, so she was discharged.

One week later Dilcie was brought back to us. Some of her brothers had colds and Dilcie caught cold, too. She was also suffering from another bout of diarrhea. (There were no FNS district nurses in her part of the mountains to help her mother handle the problems of feeding her and caring for the milk.)

If we had not recognized the mother we certainly would not have known that the child brought in on the 21st of November was the same one we had discharged on the 14th. Gone was the happy smile, gone were the attempts to play peek-a-boo, gone the urge to get some one to pick her up and play with her. Instead we saw a listless whining baby with sunken eyes, apathetic to what went on around her. She weighed only twelve pounds, three and one-fourth ounces, and was far behind in health over what she had been. Again her infections were treated with the appropriate medications, again she was put on formula and, when she could take them, on baby foods. Throughout this second hospital stay she showed that she had a sensitive and easily upset gastrointestinal tract. Several formulas were tried, and finally she reached the point that she could tolerate whole milk without upset. As on her first admission progress was slow, but this time it was more steady. After about a week she had regained what she had lost, and her personality began to develop fast.

Dilcie was a pretty blue eyed blond with curly hair. Her trust in almost all, her engaging smile, cheerful laugh, and her love of play made her popular with all. Nurses, couriers, patients, visitors and doctor found her charm irresistible. All spent free time playing with Dilcie. When she was strong enough for it to be permitted the nurses frequently took her out for walks, and

over to their living quarters for play. She was often asked to tea where she provided the entertainment in return for a plain cookie or cracker and, of course, every one's attention.

By mid-January of this year Dilcie was a big girl, weighing eighteen pounds, two ounces. She could sit up from a lying position, stand, and even walk with help. She had a fine line of baby talk to spin to any one who would listen, and played several little games with her devoted attendants. Also she could make her wants known in no uncertain manner. No chance of her getting overlooked at feeding time! We felt again that Dilcie might go home. It was becoming difficult for her mother to come in to see her. She was pregnant. Dilcie's father had broken his back in a mine accident and was in a distant hospital. We decided to try Dilcie at home again, even though she lived too far away to be followed regularly. About two weeks after discharge Dilcie came back to see us. She seemed to be in fine shape, a little slimmer than when she left, a little dirtier—she did not have nurses, couriers and a doctor to clean her up almost before she got dirty. But she was walking now and the smile was still there, the roses still in the cheeks, the weight still climbing.

REUNION AT HYDEN

by

AUDREY C. WILLIAMS, R.N., S.C.M.

After climbing up the hill from Joy House to the Hospital I was standing on the top step recovering my breath when a young man jumped out of a car and asked me if I came from Liverpool. My home is in England, but in the county of Kent, so I told the young man, "No." He then asked me if I had ever been to Liverpool. When I answered in the affirmative the reply was, "Don't you remember me? You nursed me in The Hospital for Tropical Diseases when I had malaria."

This young man is Austin Asher, a Hyden boy who, after he was liberated from a P.O.W. camp in Germany, had worked on a British ship sailing between Liverpool and Lagos.

PEOPLE WE NEED

Medical Director in June, 1955

It isn't too early to begin scouting for a Medical Director to replace Dr. Frances L. Zoeckler when she leaves us the first of June, 1955. After a bit of a holiday she returns to Iran under her Mission Board. Those of you who will be reading this know very well the kind of Medical Director the FNS needs. Please, each of you, keep your eyes and ears open and put the right kind of person in touch with us.

Couriers

Yet once again we want to remind our readers that girls who go to college, and can only come to us during the summer months, must apply at least a year in advance. So many girls go to college nowadays that we have a long waiting list of summer applicants. However, we can take the right kind of girl in the autumn, winter, and spring almost at the drop of a hat. It is rare for us to have enough applicants for these three seasons—which is three-fourths of the year. **We need two couriers now.**

Secretaries

We need another good secretary-stenographer. Please steer one in our direction.

Nurses

Although we do get enough nurse applications, from the finest of nurses, to keep our replacements going, we would like to carry two or three more nurses on our regular staff. Work like ours badly needs "floaters." Twice a year, in mid-October and mid-April, a number of our non-midwife nurses enter the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery in order to become nurse-midwives. We always need, and usually get, an adequate supply of replacements of non-midwife nurses at those seasons. However, we do not have the extras that we want to strengthen our program, meet our six weeks annual vacations, and "float."

BRITISH MAMMALS**The Polecat in Wales**

by

WILLIAM CONDRY

Like that of several other British mammals the distribution of the polecat has not yet been fully investigated. For one thing, being a creature of the night and mainly haunting sparsely inhabited uplands or the wilder parts of the lowlands, it is a difficult and often inaccessible subject for study. There is the further complication that ferrets, which are apparently not descended from *our* polecat but, some authorities say, from a North African species, have for many centuries been escaping and crossing with wild polecats so that perhaps nowhere can the polecat be claimed to be a "pure" species. Besides, rabbiters frequently interbreed tame polecats with ferrets. The resulting polecat-ferrets, usually piebald creatures, have been used for rabbiting in various parts of Britain, where many have escaped and formed local populations of "polecats." . . .

Where then can polecats be safely said to be genuinely wild? The answer appears to be only Wales and the Marches, probably Devon and Cornwall, and possibly the Lake District. Formerly common, they have now gone from Scotland and the rest of England. . . .

It is certain that the polecat's future is, to a large extent, tied up with that of the rabbit; for although polecats can live independently of rabbits, they thrive best where rabbits are plentiful. . . .

Oryx, Journal of the Fauna Preservation
Society, London, England

THERE'S JOY APLENTY

There's joy aplenty in this world
To fill your silver cup,
If you'll only keep the corners
Of your lips turned up.

—Contributed

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS WITH THE FNS

by

BELLA VAUGHN, Secretary to Hospital Superintendent

In 1953 I spent my first Christmas with the Frontier Nursing Service, at Hyden Hospital. I enjoyed it so much I would like to tell others something about it.

For weeks before Christmas Anne Cartmell, Peggy Elmore, Barbara Hunt and Judy Kirkman were busy at Hyden, unpacking and sorting clothing into infants' and children's sizes with special packages for old people, and shut-ins. They also tackled hundreds of pounds of hard candy and thousands of toys! Men with trucks volunteered to carry the clothing, toys and candy to the outpost nursing centers for their parties.

Trees were set up and decorated at Haggin Quarters, Midwives Quarters, the Hospital, and Joy House, Doctor Zoekler's home. Programs began a week before Christmas, of which the biggest and most important was the party for the neighborhood children. For the staff and employees there were programs too. We heard the complete Messiah on records at Joy House. By using two record players we heard the entire oratorio without interruption. A carol service was heard at Midwives Quarters. On Christmas Eve, the nurses served dinner in the dining room at Haggin Quarters to the women who prepare such good food for nurses and patients, keep the hospital and nurses' quarters spic and span; and for the men who keep the wheels rolling smoothly on the outside. After dinner all opened their presents, which were stacked around the tree. The patients in the Hospital had their tree, dinner and gifts the same day.

Late on Christmas Eve the staff met around the tree in Haggin Quarters to open their packages. I was the only non-nurse present, but felt very much at home. Names had been drawn, so each person received a nice gift from "someone." Then each person had a stocking hanging from the mantle with fruit, nuts and candy. To these had been added surprise gifts, filling the stockings to the top, and adding to the merriment.

The dogs from Wendover, Hyden Hospital and the six outpost nursing centers exchanged gifts! On the night of Christmas Eve all the dogs at the Hospital were given their Christmas

baths and dressed in special ribbon collars. Only Rusty and Trixie would tolerate their collars. Mr. Funny had his off in short order. Dinah just sat down and stared until someone relieved her of hers. Nor were the horses forgotten. They had their favorite gifts—apples and carrots. The cats, too, had special tid-bits as well as much Tender, Loving, Care (TLC for short).

So, another happy Christmas has receded into the past.

JUST JOKES

The little boy was crying bitterly because the big friendly dog had bounded up to him and licked his hand. His frantic mother called out the window:

“What is it? . . . Did he bite you?”

“No,” came the cry. “But he tasted me.”

. . . .

“Mummy,” said little Brian, “Percy doesn’t know how to swim because his Mummy won’t let him go near the water.”

“Well, Percy’s a very good little boy.”

“Yes,” answered Brian thoughtfully, “and he’ll go to Heaven the first times he falls in.”

. . . .

“My dad is an Eagle, a Moose, an Elk and a Lion,” boasted one youngster.

“Yeah?” gasped his wondering companion, “how much does it cost to see him?”

. . . .

A little girl writing to another: “Dear Sally: I’m sorry I forgot your birthday. I really have no excuse, and it will serve me right if you forget mine next Wednesday.”

OLD COURIER NEWS

Edited by
AGNES LEWIS

From Mrs. Burt Kerr Todd (Susan Hayes) in Bhutan

—August 2, 1954

We are now in Bhutan after an eight day trek over mountains that make Kentucky look flat. It is beautiful country with lovely valleys. The women here feed their babies solid food and the infant mortality is unbelievably high. It is a struggle trying to make the women change their ways. Wish a nurse from the FNS could come and start a new trend. Came out via Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Bangkok, Calcutta and Kalimpong.

.

From Selby Brown, Rochester, New York—August 31, 1954

I'm off the eighth for Wilmington, Delaware, where I will be teaching the second grade at the Town Hill School. It's a wonderful school and I am looking forward to the new experience with a great deal of pleasure.

I saw Toni Harris Crump and David on Sunday and she looks wonderful. Their wedding was really the loveliest and most impressive I have been to in years. Toni was simply beautiful and David the handsomest of grooms.

.

From Kate Ireland, Cleveland, Ohio—September 1, 1954

Martini and I are at last settling down to Cleveland life. She is dieting for hunting and I am beginning politics. Mom and Dad are home for good so they missed "Hurricane Carol." Martini and I really had fun [with the FNS] this summer.

.

From Judith (Judy) Kirkman in Oslo, Norway

—September 2, 1954

This has been tremendous fun and something I'll never forget any part of. We had six weeks of classes, trips, museum visits, hiking, cycling, partying and some studying. There were one hundred and seventy of us among the passengers on the

“Stavangerfjord” so as you can imagine we kind of took the place over. The Norwegian food, people and countryside are magnificent. My first purchase was a Norwegian cook book which, of course, I can't read but the pictures are lovely.

After school was over Pete, another girl, and I traveled through Denmark, Germany, France, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland. Since we only had three weeks you can imagine what a hectic, hurried trip it was—but loaded with fun and many experiences which included shivering on a Swiss Alp in a snow storm in the middle of August. We also took an airplane trip north of the Arctic Circle in northern Norway in order to see the midnight sun which was as beautiful as it is reported to be.

Tomorrow we haul ourselves, luggage, books and souvenirs back on the “Stavangerfjord” and head for home. [See Bits of Courier News.]

From Celia Coit, Agoura, California—September 3, 1954

The only major event of the past months was buying a house near Malibu Lake. The house is small and about twenty years old but it has charm, a glorious view and with the changes soon to be made will look quite presentable and be comfortable. I wish you could see the surrounding country. It is truly magnificent—mountains with green slopes but rocky crags at the tops, and deep valleys. Two large ranches nearby are owned by picture studios (Paramount and Twentieth Century). Lately, driving into the Palisades, I've watched them making a film called “Untamed” about South Africa when the Boers were pioneering. I see oxen and covered wagons and all the paraphernalia of cameras, lights, etc.

To be able to live in an area as spectacular as Yosemite or Sequoia and yet be only one-half hour's drive from the town of Pacific Palisades; and to have the drive over a marvelous road—part in the mountains, part along the ocean and practically no traffic—is pretty near ideal. I have a job two days a week so I feel I'm not entirely vegetating. A bookmobile comes once a week, and a small local club house has a swimming pool and frequent square dances.

I went East this winter—got to the East Coast and came back via Florida—terribly happy to be back in California. Saw

Pat Ferneding Manion on my return. I haven't met her family but she looked splendid. She said they were about to move to San Diego.

. . . .

**From Fredericka (Freddy) Holdship, Sewickley,
Pennsylvania—September 14, 1954**

Just before Labor Day we drove East and went sailing with some friends who live near Greenwich, Connecticut. They had just acquired a lovely thirty-six-foot sloop that sleeps four—there were five of us, but plenty of room on the deck for sleeping bags; in fact we all fought for the “outdoor bunks”! We sailed up the Sound to Fishers Island and then they left us on the dock at New London and picked up some more people and went on for a few more days. We took a train back to Riverside where we had left our car. What a sight we were—windblown, sunburned and laden down with blankets, raincoats, etc. We drove over to Philadelphia to stay a few days with our aunt. Saw Fanny McIlvain and her mother one afternoon—also Joan McClellan, who was on holiday. She is still with the State Department and now working in Vienna—seems to like it very much.

I am taking some more night courses at the University of Pittsburgh this fall—philosophy, world affairs, music appreciation and Christian belief—very interesting.

November 3, 1954

We have had a horrible time with *pigs*, belonging to “Steve”—a character who has squatted on a large farm on the hill above our house, way on the top. His coon hounds, I loved to hear hunt at night; his herd of goats I didn't mind; his cow was harmless and the cook loved to milk her; but these twenty-five pigs of all sizes—“yipes.” You should see what they did to our lawn! We tried to get insurance on it but there seems to be no kind that covers animal damage. They told us it would cost about \$800.00 to fix it right, so we've just left it and are going to plant onions and potatoes in it come spring! I got awfully good with the .22 rifle scatter shot, but never quite had the heart to try and kill the pigs. What would we have done with twenty-five dead bodies strewn over the lawn—no one wanted

to bury them for fear of trichinosis! Thought you might enjoy reading the enclosed article.

[We quote from the *Pittsburgh Post Gazette*, October 26, 1954.]

The great Porcine War, which all but turned Osborne Borough into an armed camp, ended yesterday with 72-year-old Steve Evans and his herd of hogs the losers.

Steve, who lived the life of a recluse in a ramshackle old farmhouse atop a hill in Aleppo Township, was committed to Woodville State Hospital—elderly helpless victim of circumstances resulting from his pigs' voracious appetites.

The pigs repeatedly had broken from their pens and rooted through the backyards of residents of Beaver Road and Osborne Borough. They caused damage estimated at \$3,000 to about a dozen property owners.

Finally, irate residents formed a gun-toting "militia" in defense of their property rights.

Misses Margaret and Fredericka Holdship, who live on Davis Lane, rigged an ingenious alarm system of rope and cow bells to warn them of a porcine invasion.

Another irate resident rushed onto his lawn one morning, unshaven and in pajamas, and opened fire on the marauders with an air rifle.

The serio-comic drama ended when old Steve, a squatter on the farm for 30 years, bewilderedly agreed to his own commitment to Woodville. Folks said that Steve couldn't take care of his animals, his house and himself.

While Western Pennsylvania Humane Society agents went to the farm yesterday to see what would be done with animals there, a neighbor, Joe Bruno, was delegated to feed them. Joe plodded among the 20-odd pigs, uncountable squawking, scrawny chickens, and several lean-ribbed hounds and gave them what sustenance he could.

As for Steve, a Serbian whose original name nobody knows—apparently not even Steve himself—he just sat in Sewickley jail and waited for them to come and take him away. They did.

The old man's world, an unkempt world but the only one he lately knew, had toppled around him. He no longer was alone with his animals—and seemingly he was afraid.

From Susan (Sue) McIntosh, Tyringham, Massachusetts

—September 21, 1954

We had a wonderful trip abroad, though it was good to be home and get some sleep. Two friends and I bicycled in southern England (Devon and Cornwall) for three weeks, staying in hostels and getting so much rain that after a little while it just got to be ridiculous and as soon as it got ridiculous it became even more fun than before. Ever since we got so dried out last summer at Wendover, I've enjoyed being rained on, which was a lucky thing during July in England!

We split up and I went to Edinburgh to see my younger brother finish school where he'd been all year. From there he and I hitch-hiked down to the southwest again and across to London, staying with various families we knew. Finally, we made our way up to the Western Highlands, and climbed there and in Skye for two weeks with some English boys we met, and again staying at hostels. Everywhere people were just as friendly as they could be. One of the first people I met was a young midwife in a train compartment who had just stayed up all night delivering a baby and was as proud of it as if it had been her own. She was very interested to hear about the FNS. Another nurse-midwife we sat beside in a bus had so much to say about her district that she could have talked all night if we'd been on the bus that long.

. . . .

From Mrs. Bronson W. Chanler (Evie Rogers), South

Hamilton, Massachusetts—September 24, 1954

We have been off floating around Maine in a boat for three exciting weeks of vacation. We cruised as far as Digby, Nova Scotia and St. John, Halifax; and never before have had such an adventurous trip. Everything happened—from getting caught in an all-night storm with fog and wind and rough seas; to going aground in a little Canadian river with nothing but two inches of water around us; to getting stranded on Nova Scotia without our boat, in awful old clothes and no money or identification; to rescuing an overturned boat in the Bay of Fundy. Its two occupants (we found out later from the Coast Guard) had drowned.

I'm glad to be home again and see David and our two golden Labradors and the tropical fish. They and the house and the garden keep me well occupied. The baby is now standing in a wobbly sort of manner and crawling out of my sight in a flash and grabbing everything and stuffing it into his mouth. He'll be a year old in a couple of months.

. . . .

From Alice (Lorrie) Hoyt, Mt. Holyoke College, South

Hadley, Massachusetts—September 29, 1954

Now that I am back at college, and all my classes are under way, I can regain some equilibrium and think back over my expe-

riences of the summer. As you know, I am rooming with Barb Hood, and I'm afraid we put aside our homework all too often and talk about our various experiences in Kentucky. Yesterday, we talked most of the evening together, about the things we had enjoyed doing most and the interesting people we had met working with the FNS.

Of course, after the first greetings were exchanged with some of our friends, we always asked, "Did you have a good summer?" and would, in turn, be asked that question too. Barb and I always answered with such enthusiastic "Yes's" that the friend would invariably say, "What did you do?" Then we would be launched into our explanations of where we worked, what we did there, etc. This would usually lead us to promises of showing the friend slides, pictures, post cards, Bulletins, et cetera, of the FNS and we have even had interviews by those taking journalism. This morning when Barb and I were walking into the post office we heard, "Hi, Frontier Nurses," from a nearby friend, which made us giggle all morning because we knew we far from merited the title, but were proud to be thought of as members of the FNS.

Every time I think of the Frontier Nursing Service, I think of all the work it has done and all its accomplishments. I cannot help but realize how fortunate I was to be able to work for the Service, and above all, to be able to know and work with such wonderful people. The combination of this and all I gained by the unique and interesting experiences that I had at Wendover, made this past summer an unforgettable one.

.

From Candace (Candy) Dornblaser, Denver, Colorado

—October 5, 1954

Things really moved rapidly after I left the FNS last February. I went almost directly to the Grand Canyon and before I knew it was head over heels stumbling with trays and stacks of plates at the El Tavar Hotel. About Easter time I transferred to Bright Angel Lodge, and on a straight shift there I found much free time to see the Canyon. Hilly was so much smarter than I—she took the mules down to the bottom. I didn't; I walked and carried a forty-pound pack that included my sleeping

bag. The trip down was only three and a half hours, but going up I forgot all about scenery and concentrated on getting myself out again.

I'm now in nurse's training at Presbyterian Hospital here in Denver. It promises to be a good program and its affiliation with the University of Denver provides some excellent classes.

. . . .

**From Felicia (Flicka) Delafield, Vassar College,
Poughkeepsie, New York—October 11, 1954**

Being with the FNS is an experience that I would not have missed for anything. I think that all my family and friends must be sick of hearing about the FNS. Whenever anyone asked me about my summer I gave them a full account of it. I have also written and turned in my paper for summer credit.

I also had the privilege of participating in a student panel telling about our summer jobs. When my turn came, I took one look at my outline, put it down in my lap, and just talked. I talked quite a bit about the nurse-midwives and experiences I had with them, also including learning how to do a three-foot start on a jeep. I was so interested in my subject that I even ran over my time limit.

. . . .

From Joan Henning, Louisville, Kentucky—October 17, 1954

I am, at the moment, working for the Community Chest, doing Junior League work, and I start a job as "chief protector" of 3- and 4-year-olds at a day care center in two weeks.

. . . .

**From Mrs. Robert G. Potter (Edo Welch), Princeton,
New Jersey—October 18, 1954**

This is our third and last year in Princeton where Bob is a Research Assistant at Princeton University, working in the Office of Population Research. He hopes to have his Ph.D. by January and from there we don't know where we'll go.

We have three daughters, ages 2, 4 and 6; and already I'm leading them in the direction of the FNS. I have had great pleasure in teaching my two oldest to ride and just hope that

they can have the same marvelous experience that I had in Kentucky.

My main interest and extra curricular has been volunteer work at the New Jersey Neuro-Psychiatric Institute, nearby, a very up and coming public institution.

. . . .

From Justine Pruyn (Dusty), New York, New York

—October 19, 1954

This summer was so, so wonderful: Europe was unbelievably fascinating. The only trouble with the trip was the fact that there just never was enough time to spend at any one place. But I do feel as if I had seen a great deal. England was my favorite country. We only spent five days there altogether, three of those in London, which I thought a wonderful city. I liked Italy next best, then, I guess, Switzerland.

Arrived home the end of August and almost immediately started to look for a job, which I finally found after about three weeks. I am secretary in a surgical research lab in the New York Hospital. My job is really to run the business end of the lab—keep track of expenditures under the various funds of the many doctors who use the lab. Experimental surgery is performed on dogs and monkeys and Cornell medical school students come in once a week to do practice operations.

The hospital is a very nice place to work and so far, in my spare time, I have been helping the scrub nurse in the lab. Have learned to thread needles with sutures, tie surgeons' gowns, etc. Another thing I like about the job is the variation in work to be done. I get quite a lot of chances to do errands all around the hospital which I find very interesting.

Have seen Nano Eristoff two or three times this fall, and Dexter Smith also works in the New York Hospital. We all still love the FNS!

. . . .

From Mrs. David A. Crump (Toni Harris),

Brockport, New York—October 27, 1954

We are just loving Brockport. We are up to our ears in parish affairs from dawn to dawn (it seems) but it is all fun because David and I can do so much together. I am sure I see

much more of him than most wives do of their husbands.

I was so delighted to read of the drug room in memory of Mac! How very pleased she would be. It is hard for me to realize that she is no longer there.

From Mrs. Harvey A. Humphrey (Peg McDonald),

Clayton, Missouri—November 6, 1954

Can't tell you how much we appreciated receiving your telegram—knowing you all were there in spirit meant a great deal.

We honeymooned for a month in the Canadian Rockies—Glacier and Yellowstone Parks and Jackson Hole. Such beauty as the Canadian Rockies is unsurpassed, in my opinion, on this continent. At present we're living in a nice little third floor walk-up apartment—just moved in two weeks ago and are in the process of redecorating the whole thing ourselves. Need I add that things are a bit chaotic!

"Pete" is a Radiologist at Barnes Hospital and an associate professor at Washington University.

From Nancy Aub, Cambridge, Massachusetts

—November 8, 1954

I have never felt so strongly about any one place, bunch of people or experience as I do about the FNS! I still dream about it and wish to be back. Three and a half weeks just was not long enough!

I am just beginning to get settled at Radcliffe. I have at last met Sue McIntosh and we have had some wonderful talks, including reminiscences of the FNS.

Fall is over here now. I really missed seeing it there except to get an idea of what it was going to be like, which was tantalizing. It must have been really beautiful. I can imagine things are different now: no leaves, the river somewhat higher I guess, and different horses at Wendover. Can't help wondering how Doc is, although I'm sure his leg must be well.

BITS OF COURIER NEWS

Judy Kirkman who was of tremendous help to us last fall—part-time assistant in the social service department and part-

time aide to the Christmas secretary, had a marvelous experience this summer. She was chosen from her class at Keuka College to go on a special summer-school scholarship to the University of Oslo, Norway.

Barbara Clapp is a part-time student at the Nursery Training School of Boston, affiliated with Tufts College. She is taking three courses for credit and writes that she loves it.

. . . .

Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to **Kitty Palmer** in the recent loss of her father; and to **Martha Cross Bradbury** in the tragic loss of her two little girls.

WEDDINGS

Miss Barbara Ogden McClurg of Chicago, Illinois, and Mr. Charles Steele Potter on November 6, 1954, in Chicago. Only relatives and immediate friends were present at the wedding which was followed by a small reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Freeman Hinckley. After a short honeymoon the young couple will be at home in Chicago. This wedding is of special interest to us as Barbara is not only an old courier, but was Chairman of our Chicago Courier Committee for many years. Her mother has long been a warm friend of the FNS.

For Barbara and her lucky husband, we wish every happiness and life's richest blessings.

Miss Sally Foreman of Cincinnati, Ohio and Mr. Frank Raymond Little on November 26, 1954, in San Jose, California. This news comes to us just as this column goes to the printer and we have none of the details. We wish this young couple the best of luck and a long and happy life together.

BABIES

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mikesell (Marian Lee) of Tucson, Arizona, another son, John Frederic—their third son and fifth child—on August 2, 1954. His great-grandmother, and our beloved trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy of Detroit, visited us soon after his arrival and brought us first-hand news of this magnificent baby with a wonderful heritage.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady (Kitty Douglas) of Far Hills, New Jersey, a son, their second, Christopher Douglas Brady, on October 12, 1954 (Columbus Day). By the grapevine we have heard that his parents have every right to be proud of this bouncing boy.

COMPENSATION

Colder, colder blows the wind
As summer looks the other way,
And older, older have I grown
That I should dread a frosty day
Who once delighted in the feel
Of crunching snow beneath my heel.

But though I wrap my body close
And seek the fire in coward guise
And do not dare the slippery hills,
When stars appear in wintry skies,
I would not now exchange my years
For yonder child's without such fears,
For there is courage different
From that which ebbs when blood is spent.
This newer courage in me grows
And laughs at all my body's woes!

The New Environment And Other Poems
By Mary Belknap Gray
Printed by permission

THE HEN THAT LIKED DUCKS

My mother owned a hen which had been given duck's eggs to hatch for her first clutch and ever after refused to sit on hen's eggs. If another hen were sitting on duck's eggs she would drive her from the nest and settle down happily on her ill-gotten gains. Late one autumn half a dozen white Aylesbury ducks which had been reared by this hen the previous April got into some quicklime or other chemical being used on the farm and became quite blind, staggering round the yards and squawking miserably. My parents decided they must be killed, but next day to our amazement we found the hen in charge. At this time she was back in the hen-house and, while we never proved that she was laying, she was certainly not broody. When she saw the injured ducks, however, she bustled about them with agitated clucking until she had persuaded them to follow her. During subsequent weeks she devoted herself entirely to them, leading them to their food and driving off other fowls while they fed; by day she led them out into the fields to forage. and when they paddled in the pond she settled down on the bank, clucking from time to time if they wandered too far. Eventually their sight returned, their head-feathers grew again, and they became independent of the hen, which went back to normal life in the hen-house.

Rosemary Gaisford, Cornwall

The Countryman, Burford, Oxfordshire, England
Summer, 1954

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

O Lord, bless little children,
And all who've pain to bear,
Bless little birds and beasties,
And those who need Thy care.
Bless every home united,
And all who lone must bide,
Bless all I love, and send them
A joyful Christmastide.

C 1821—Great Britain

TWO MORE COMMITTEE MEETINGS

by

MARY BRECKINRIDGE

In our Summer Quarterly, I wrote about the six mountain committee meetings that were held during the summer months. As a sort of postscript to that story, I want to tell about the two remaining committee meetings held in October—to which Jane Furnas, our Field Supervisor, and I went together.

1.

On Monday, October 11, we had a delightful meeting of old friends and committee members at the Possum Bend Nursing Center at Confluence on the Middle Fork. A number of the ladies on this committee came to the Nursing Center to help prepare an abundant and delicious dinner, and then they stayed on after the meeting to help clear up. Our nurses, Nancy Boyle and Betty Ann Bradbury, had the place in apple-pie order, and, of course, they had had lots of help on that. From the gleaming white fence below the shrubbery on to the gleaming white barn, the lovely Nursing Center, itself, and all of its furnishings—everything was in order.

At noon we sat down to a long table fairly groaning with food. After the dinner had been cleared away, we settled down to the business of the meeting. As our former chairman, Mr. Ray Langdon, had moved away, the first piece of business (after the roll call and the reading of the minutes by our most efficient secretary, Mrs. Earl Sizemore) was the election of a new chairman. It happened that Mr. Adam Feltner, a committee member of the early days, when the late Elmer Huff was chairman, had come back to his home at the Head of Grassy after an absence of ten years. He was unanimously elected as the new chairman.

After this we proceeded to old business. Although the Grassy Clinic had fallen into bad repair, inside and out, its renovation is now finished business. As the result of four "workings" and a box supper on Grassy, which netted over \$50.00, the Grassy Clinic is something to see and remember.

Another piece of old business, a perennial one, is the road.

The dust has been laid to some extent by an application of calcium chloride. But in spite of our sign on the road, cautioning people to drive slowly because there is a Nursing Clinic just ahead, the brought-on people simply whiz over that stretch, especially on a Sunday. Our own drivers are much more careful. It was felt that if we could get a Highway Department sign put up, holding the speed down to 35 miles, we might get results.

Under new business, we took up the condition of the well that serves the school on Hell-for-Certain, and also the patients at our Hell-for-Certain Clinic. The water is so contaminated that the school children have to go up to abandoned mines to get water to drink, and that is terribly unsafe. It was decided that two things could be done by the men living on Hell-for-Certain. First, as an immediate measure, they could drain the water out of the mine a few feet so that no child would have to go under over-hanging slate. Second, we could get hold of an electric motor and pump, to pump the well dry. Then it could be cleaned by the men. After it had filled up again the nurses could send the water off for tests. If it were still contaminated, they could treat it with chlorinated lime until it became possible to put a drilled well on higher land than the bottom by the creek.

After the business of the meeting had been handled, the nurses gave their reports for the year, and I gave a report on the general work and the financial status of the Frontier Nursing Service. It was altogether a most satisfactory meeting as well as a delightful social occasion.

2.

The last of our eight committee meetings here at home in the mountains—and the second to take place in October—was held on Friday the 22nd at the Caroline Butler Atwood Memorial Nursing Center on Flat Creek. What a wonderful day! It was topped off by a box lunch and a rally attended by over 200.

Jane Furnas and I left Wendover at nine in the morning for the drive by jeep across Buffalo Hill, up Red Bird River, and along the narrow Flat Creek trail. We reached the Nursing Center a little before 11:00 a.m., having picked up our Committee member, Mrs. "Doc" Gilbert, en route. The warmest welcome awaited us from Joy Broomfield, the nurse, from Pauline, her

lovely little maid, from Blondie the dog, Prince Charlie the horse, Goldie the cow, and Smokey the cat. Soon after eleven o'clock the Committee had assembled—nearly every man and woman on it. After our chairman, Mr. Bascomb Bowling, had called us to order, the roll call and minutes were read by our secretary, Mr. Walter Mullins. He, a most courteous man, had put in the minutes that my big ambition was to complete our million dollar endowment before the age of sixty. A roar of laughter went up from everyone because, of course, it should have been the age of eighty.

Of the three pieces of business, unfinished at the last meeting, two had been cared for. The well, and its electric pump, so desperately needed by the Center, had been given us. The rally planned for this year had been lined up. The only thing remaining was the trail along Flat Creek which is in a wretched state to meet the winter rains and snows we hope for this year. The committee decided that something should be done about this trail. Mr. Bascomb Bowling volunteered to get the loan of Mr. Bledsoe's bulldozer, which is now operating within a few miles, and also his air compressor to widen the road where it is too narrow—free of charge.

After the meeting had adjourned, we too adjourned—to the school grounds down in the valley. Here Mrs. Bowling, Mrs. Weldy, and the other ladies on the Flat Creek Committee with Jane's and Joy's help, began to serve dinner to a multitude of people including many children. Long tables had been arranged upon which everybody had put their food they brought, and what food!—fried chicken, ham sandwiches, fall beans, sweet potatoes, rolls with weiners to fill them, potato salad, cakes, lemon pies, pickles, jams—more things than I can well remember. The children sat around on the grass—like a Biblical picture—while the women with babies, and the old people, sat on a few school benches that had been taken out into the school yard. We had brought paper plates, forks, spoons, and cups from Wendover. We also supplied gallons of Kool-Aid in lard cans, coffee, and milk for the babies. Everything else was brought to the rally by the people who attended it.

As I moved around among my friends, all of us with plates and cups with food and drink, I had the chance to chat with a

number of them. For example, there were Mr. and Mrs. Jabe Stewart—neither of them strong and he lame. They had not been able to attend the committee meeting, but Joy had gone after them in her jeep and brought them to the rally. He told me that during the four years since the doctor had ordered him a weekly shot, an FNS nurse had come up the creek once a week to give it—Joyce Stephens, Vivienne Blake, and now Joy Broomfield. It warmed my heart to hear the kind and dear things said about our nurses by so many.

When we had all eaten, Mr. Bascomb Bowling introduced me. In my talk I was able to express some of the gratitude I felt for the kindness of everyone to our nurses, and some of the happiness it meant to all of us to work for children and their mothers together.

The climax of the day came for me when the grown-up people were shoed into the offing and the children sat cross-legged on the ground around me, for one of my giant stories. He was an awful giant, this one, with three mean eyes. Unfortunately, for him, he didn't have an eye in the back of his head so he was vanquished by Fred and Lucy and the talking pony, Kickaboo.

After Jane and I had torn ourselves away from our friends, we decided to return by the Gilbert's Creek trail, through the magnificent forest belonging to the Ford Motor Company, where Kentucky now has a game preserve. The trail, which used to be for horses only, is now quite possible by jeep. We soaked ourselves in the beauty of the forest with its early colors—but we saw no deer.

ODDMENTS

The man who makes the best use of his time has most to spare.

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There is no such thing as an easy job for a lazy man.

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He who keeps his mind on his work, goes ahead; he who keeps his work on his mind, goes crazy.

The Winter Haven Herald, Florida

OLD STAFF NEWS

Edited by
HELEN E. BROWNE

From Elizabeth Hillman (Hilly) in Breton, Alberta

—September 1954

It has been awfully cold all this week, down to ten or twenty degrees at night. I went for a long ride yesterday and was nearly frozen to death. Someone had lent me some bear-skin chaps—I put them on then discovered that I could not get on the horse, so had to take them off again! The wind seemed to be blowing straight from the Arctic! I spent a good weekend with Lydia (Thompson) a short time ago. We rode in sleeveless shirts and had a picnic by a creek. Fortunately both her horse and mine have no objections to two riders—I love rump-riding as there are no responsibilities. We have had a good deal of wet weather and the road and oil men get quite discouraged by the mud. When it did dry up a bit everyone worked furiously to get things underway before freeze-up. I went out to visit one of my schools last week but could only get within three miles of it in the school bus; so I got a lift in a truck carrying supplies to one of the camps and we were pulled through the mud for about two miles by a car. I have a shower in my woodshed now—it is a lovely feeling throwing the remains of the bucket of water over one, but I sure get dry in a hurry—it was eleven degrees the first night I tried it! Say hello to everyone, I often think of you all.

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From Edna Rolands in Tanganyika, East Africa

—September 1954

My thoughts wend their way back to the FNS so often. I have been meaning to write to Mrs. Breckinridge ever since I came out here to tell her how much the midwifery course has meant to me. We have from 250-300 obstetrical patients a year. Our prenatal program is a large one. We have a big dispensary and this year I believe our antepartum treatments will number about 20,000. Our little 30-bed hospital stays full most of the time, so I am kept busy. Our doctor visits once every three to

six months, so most of the responsibility rests with me. I am due for furlough next May. I have enjoyed my term so much, and mainly because I had taken the midwifery course which has been such a help to me in my work.

Ebba Anderson has just arrived from home for another term of service. It is nice to have her back again; she is staying with me at present. I was so glad she was here to help me deliver one of the missionary's wives last week—all went well. Greetings to all my FNS friends.

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From Vera Chadwell in Kowloon, B. A. P. O. 1—September 1954

As you see I have changed my hospital. We are not very far from the British Military Hospital, but are on the mainland instead of Hong Kong island. We have all male patients—at present I am on an ear, nose and throat ward with a few eye and dental cases as well. Our Mess is in a block of flats in town. We occupy floors seven to twelve; I have a very large room with lots of cupboard space. I am due to go home at the end of November or early December. I shall love seeing all my people and friends again, but I do dread the cold and damp.

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From Martha Morrison (Mardie) in Boston,

Massachusetts—September 1954

We have been very busy for a good many months now, and could use a couple more nurse-midwives for our delivery floor. We run from ten to twenty deliveries a day and in one 24-hour period we had thirty-six private cases. Once in every class of students I speak to the group about midwifery and the Frontier Nursing Service and show a few pictures. The work I do, the adventure of each delivery, the teaching of mother and student, and the appreciation of the doctors make me ever grateful for the training I had in the Frontier Nursing Service.

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From Vivienne Blake at Queen Charlotte's Hospital,

London, England—September 1954

I commenced work here on August 1st, and I am beginning to feel settled in now. It is grand to be home again; it has taken

Mother quite a long time to settle down. We have had a dreadful summer and have spent very little time on the river. Although we have had so much rain, I have never tired of it. I keep thinking of how dry everything was last summer [at Flat Creek]. I do hope you will not have any forest fires this fall. Everyone thinks my colored slides are just wonderful, and wonder why I left—I wonder too, as I miss you so much!

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From Dr. Ella Woodyard in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

—October 1954

Yesterday I went for a medical check-up. The doctor was very pleased with me; said my blood pressure is down and that heart, lungs, etc. are OK. He advises that I take things easy and cut out worrying and working and live the "life of Riley." Well, that's about what I do! The only work I have done lately is to stick about 6,000 envelopes between the pages of Christmas greeting cards for Peggy [her niece]. Please give my greetings to all who know me.

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From Nancy Hewson in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

—October 1954

After I reached home, I did a short period of private duty at the Byrn Mawr Hospital and had some interesting patients. At the end of July a good friend of my mother wrote telling of an opening for a community nurse in Vermont—just the kind of thing for which I had been searching. I was asked to go to Vermont to talk over the situation and to meet the doctors and citizens in the community, so on August 6, I headed north. After discussing various aspects of the job, I was taken to the different townships in the area, meeting many of the local people in the community. My "pilot community" so to speak will be the township of Strafford which includes South Strafford (total population approximately 1,500). About twenty miles north there is a Health Center with two doctors. They have an x-ray, baby clinic and dental care, etc. One of these two doctors will be on our executive committee. The doctor serving our area has a clinic twice weekly in the copper mine area, so from him will come much of my work. Aside from being associated with several of the hospitals in the area this doctor has been doing home

deliveries, has clinic hours in the surrounding townships, and is also Health Officer responsible for the immunization program for the pre-school and school age children. I met the State Director of Public Health Nursing and the Director of Nursing at the University of Vermont. They were most interested and helpful in our Service which is to be called, "The Strafford Community Nursing Service." An organization committee is being formed, and then we will have a governing committee, a medical advisory committee and a health committee—the latter to be composed of key people in the community. I will have either a jeep or a jeep station wagon. We will, of course, have to progress slowly and to develop the Service as the need arises—oh, the possibilities for development!

. . . .

From Evelyn Mottram at Pippapass, Knott County,

Kentucky—October 1954

I am sorry we could not get to the midwives meeting as planned. On the Thursday before the meeting we received word that a sorority member was arriving, so we had to stay.

We have had five deliveries this month and almost as many false calls! When I returned from the monthly shopping trip to Hazard on Friday, I found a call waiting for me—I had seen the patient only two hours before—and she has a history of short labors, so I really rushed. I got the college boys to help me unload the jeep and just threw everything into the living room and off I went. What a let-down—yes, it was another false call. Such is life.

We feel really rich these days. The Sorority gives us each a salary and money for the clinic. It feels very good to be able to buy things we need. After January we will try to get another jeep. We need to go in so many different directions now that we need two jeeps. Scotty wrote me about her new work. There seems to be so many varieties of nurses, aides, etc. that I would be most confused, and I am sure it is the patient who suffers from it all.

. . . .

From Joyce Stephens (Stevie) in New Zealand—October 1954

I thoroughly enjoyed the short Public Health course in Well-

ington, especially as no exams were attached! Now I know nurses from all over New Zealand which is grand. After I finished the course four of us travelled together to Auckland and I took the bus to Whangarei where I was met by the area District Inspector. I stayed for a week helping with school clinics, B.C.G. clinics, etc. On my one week-end there I visited Waitangi which is a lovely promontory in the Bay of Islands, and here are the Treaty Grounds—a National Reserve. The ex-Governor's residence is in the middle and a magnificent Maori meeting house to one side, with a beautifully carved front painted a dull red, with pillars something after the style of totem poles. Inside the walls were covered with rows of carved totara wood panels. They really are magnificent. These carvings are representative of all Maori tribes. Then in another special building is the Maori war canoe, made for the centennial celebrations in 1940 (100 years since the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi, by which the Maoris swore allegiance to the Crown, in return for protection and incorporation in the British Empire). The canoe is 117 feet long and was propelled at great speed by 80 paddlers.

The Maoris are of Polynesian extraction, so have the straight black hair and their skins are lighter than the Melanesians. They seem a very happy, gracious people, but one of the nurses who has worked among them in very isolated villages says she felt very conscious of the fact that they were cannibals less than 100 years ago, by their indifference to other people's ill health. There are still many powerful medicine-men among the more outlying villages. I sure hope they send me to relieve in some of these parts.

I am now in Dargaville, a little town of 3,000 people, near the West Coast. There are two nurses here and they work huge districts. They do a lot of school, Tb, and Infant Welfare work, and of course travel by car, each travelling about 1,000 miles a month. At the present I am helping with the examinations of the new entrants to the Primary School. We have been at it for three days and so far have seen about 90 children. We have about 120 to do, and then start on Standard 2.

I was given a 1948 Vauxhall in Whangarei to bring here. My only driving had been a few short trips. The roads are quite something, very few are black-topped, most of them being metal

with a layer of crushed limestone on the surface. You can imagine the dust—it makes the trip to Dryhill seem like a pleasure jaunt! I made the trip to Dargaville OK even to overtaking a huge flock of sheep without killing even one. I have driven since being here and am feeling more at ease on the very rough roads. I would rather be riding Rex or Ranger. I know what makes a horse tick, but I sure do not know what goes on inside Victoria Vauxhall.

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From Ruth Brown in Brussels—November 1954

It does not take much to cause my thoughts to turn to Kentucky and the wonderful year I spent there, so I thought I would take time from my studies to pen my appreciation to those of you who were a part of my training and experience there. I am here in Belgium studying French in preparation for taking the tropical medicine course in Antwerp in the spring. This is a requirement of the Belgium Government for all medical personnel going to the Congo. I move to Antwerp at the end of December and will take an eight weeks concentrated course in French. Please give my greetings to all my friends in Kentucky.

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From Anne Nims Nixon (Georgie) in Omaha,

Nebraska—November 1954

I was thrilled to see Suzanne's [her daughter] picture in the Spring Bulletin. Today I talked to the Women's Auxiliary of the Dundee Presbyterian Church—a record attendance for this year. There were 155 present. I talked to them about the Frontier Nursing Service, and it went off well. I concluded my talk by saying that I had not the time to tell more, nor could I tell it half so well as you have in your book, *Wide Neighborhoods*. I have several more engagements requested, but no definite dates yet.

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From Mrs. William den Dulk in Seattle, Washington

—November 1954

We read the Bulletins from cover to cover and enjoy them all the way through. How I wish we could run over for a cup

of tea and see all our old friends. We are all well and pretty well settled. Billy and Leanne are growing up fast. Danny is, of course, the joy of the household. He is as sweet as ever; gets into everything; talks all the time in one-word sentences. He has a wonderful ear for music and can pick up a melody and sing it from beginning to end. Bill [Dr. den Dulk] is very busy, but manages to have some free time. We enjoyed Stevie so much while she was here.

In October **Della Int-Hout** wrote: "I am leaving Chicago next month for San Diego, California . . . where I can settle in a mild climate and have a flower garden which is my heart's desire. If any FNSers come West, I hope they will look me up."

NEW BABIES

To **Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rosoman** (Gwen Jelleyman) on September 14, 1954 in Kidderminster, England, a daughter. Her weight was 7 lbs. 6 oz.

To **Dr. and Mrs. John McEvers** on October 16, 1954 in Oak Harbor, Washington, a son, John Hutcheson McEvers. His weight was 7 lbs. ½ oz.

WITH A FIRM HAND

by

LUCILLE HARGROVE REYNOLDS

The plants that crowd my window shelf
Reach hungrily for sun,
Careless of symmetry, intent
On light soon gone.
With a firm hand, I turn them that
Dwarfed leaves may grow again—
Does God perhaps deal so with me
Now and then?

Flower Lover's Guide Book For the Southern States
By L. A. Niven, Horticultural Editor
The Progressive Farmer, Publishers

LAND OF THE WEALTHY AND MIGHTY

The heart numbing fear that stalks the scorched and blood-soaked lands overrun by Communism is echoed in the souls of free men in free countries as they watch the relentless tide sweep over all effective resistance, reaching ever closer to their home lands. The continuing success of the master minds of the Kremlin in engulfing whole populations stands as a stark and dreadful tribute to their determination and ability. By what combination of circumstances and by what tortuous and devious methods they achieve their triumphs we cannot truly know. It is hard to imagine what inducements, what threats, what false hopes and false promises are held out to cause humble people to trade their rights and souls as individuals for a niche in the Russian super-state. Though a crust of bread must have tremendous appeal to the 500,000,000 Asians whose income has been estimated to be a stomach pinching \$56.00 a year, more than material appeals are required to hold such a multitude together. Perhaps because these millions have never known the freedoms of a democracy they fall ready victims of the slave state. A very large part of our propaganda directed to these overrun countries concerns itself with describing the economic well-being of Americans. American workers, admittedly well-off today, are described in terms of the number of automobiles, homes, and television sets they own.

In the minds of many people throughout the world America must have become a symbol of WEALTH and MIGHT instead of a symbol of the FREE and the BRAVE. It takes very little imagination to figure out the intense envy and hate that such a distorted picture must invoke in the minds of people whose families must exist on a ration of a cup of rice a day. To be envied and hated is not what we need today. We need to have friends throughout the world . . . we need to sell our way of life as opposed to that of the Russians.

Is it not time that we change our propaganda line? Is it not time that we emphasize the wholesome and healthy aspects of being an American? Let's tell the truth about American workers. Let's show them as family people enjoying the privacy of their homes, as lovers of the great out-doors, as men

who feel free to speak and write what they believe, as people unafraid to assemble in political or union meetings, as folk quick to ask that a wrong be righted, as men who cannot be kept in jail at another's whim, as people who enjoy the protection of trial by jury and, are considered innocent until proven guilty, as people who travel without restriction from one coast of our vast country to the other coast and on beyond to foreign lands, as workers who are entitled to keep the fruits of their labors, and as a nation of men and women who throng to the worship of God, each in his own way to pray for peace.

Let us show Americans as warm-hearted, generous, and kindly. Let's brag about our right to choose our own type and place of work, our right to bargain with our employers, our opportunities to set up shop and to earn a profit against stiff competition. Let's tell the world about our chance to bargain in a free market for the things we need, the services we require. Let's show that we are free to contract about our own affairs and above all praise our government's role as a protector and referee against which we can assert our freedom from "arbitrary" regulation and control.

From the September 1954 issue of
The American Thermometer—Mercury
Tom Boyd (Editor)

"CONFORMATION DRESS"

The following letter was written by a very young lady in New England, to her mother:

If you are having me fitted for a conformation dress you had better step on it! Con. is 1 wk. from this comming Tuesday!

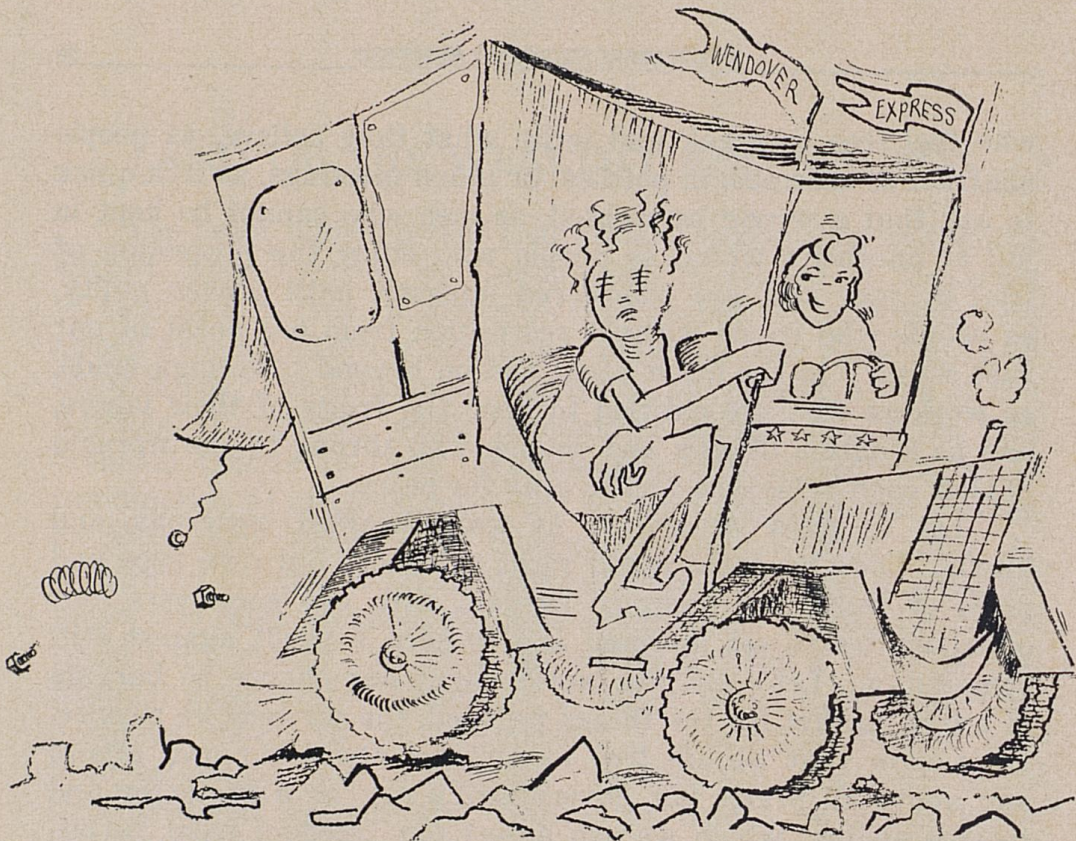
OVERHEARD

Overheard in a department store employment office, personnel man to job applicant: "Sorry, we don't want a Santa Claus with a Southern accent."

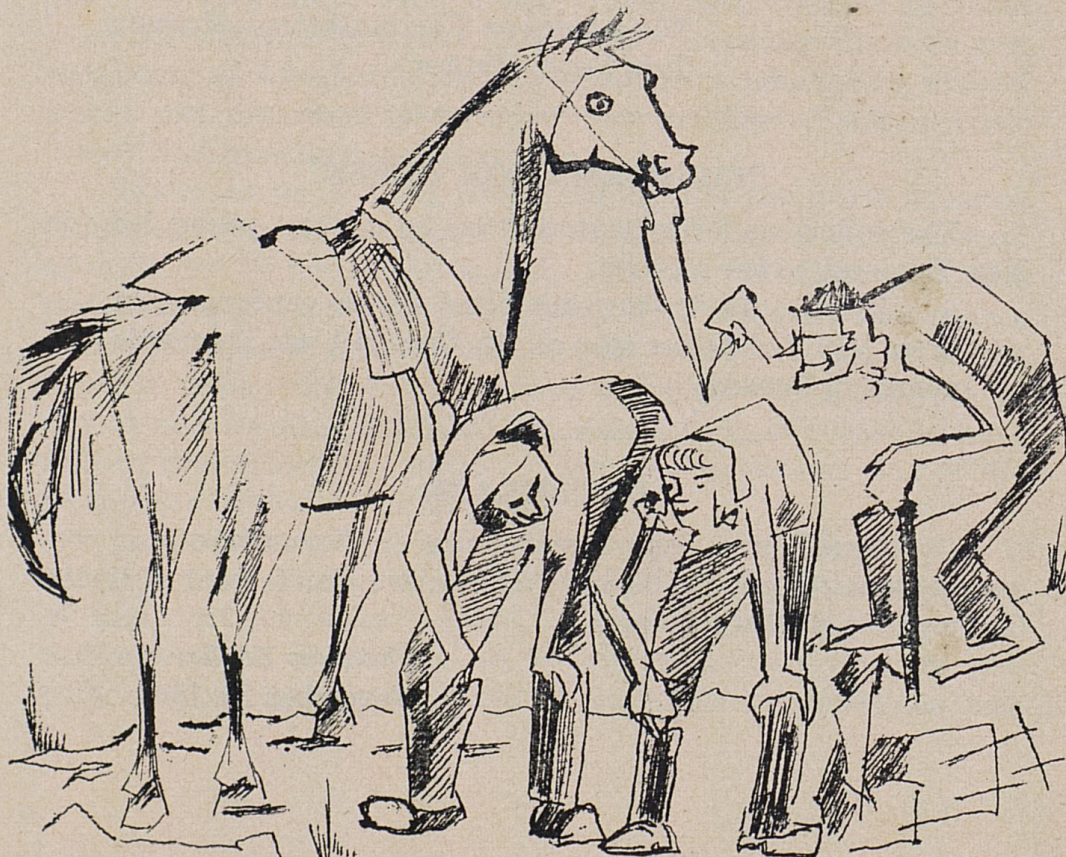
The New Yorker
November 20, 1954

AN OLD COURIER VIS

By MRS. JOHN A. SCHILLING (Co



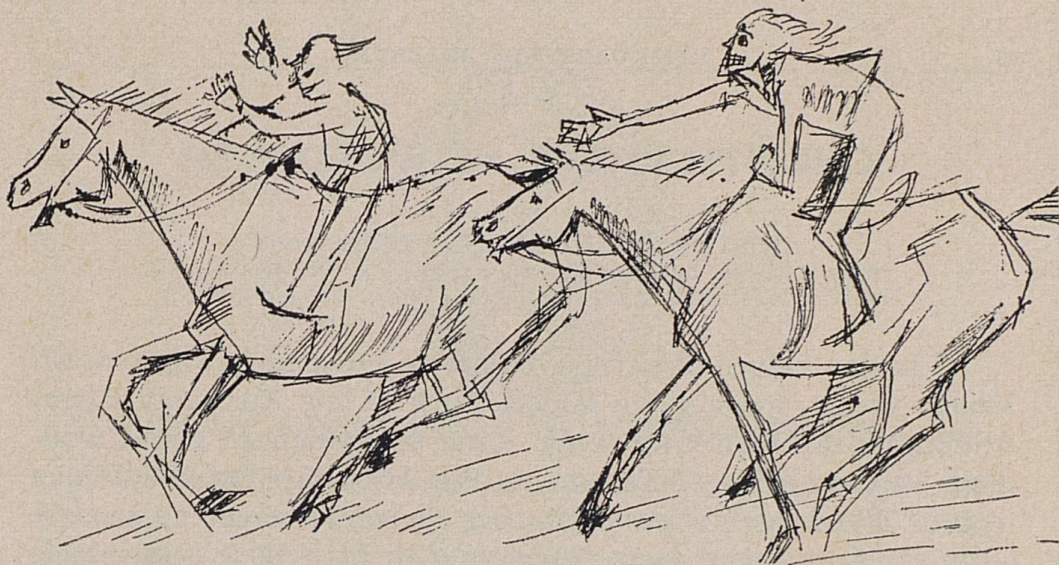
My first ride in a jeep convinced me that the present couriers are of sterner stuff than we of 13 years ago.



New couriers are most helpful to old couriers!

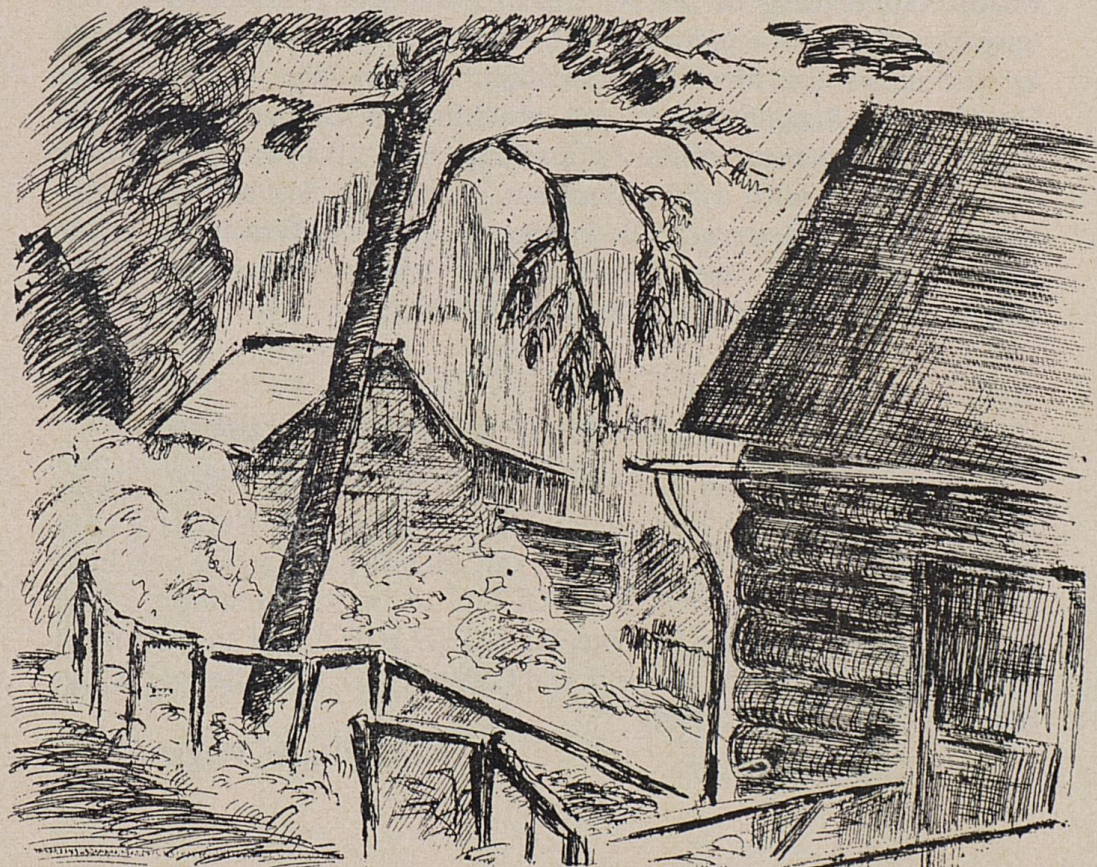
ER VISITS WENDOVER

HILLING (Courier, Barbara Whipple)



Look Mommie! No hands!

I found that 13 years—plus marriage—considerably increased the hazards of riding.



After 2½ happy days, I knew that while progress would happen, the peace, beauty and comfort I remembered so well at Wendover would always be there.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT WENDOVER

by

HESTER DORNBLASER of Minneapolis
(who, with her husband and son, spent the 1953 Christmas
at Wendover where her daughter, Candy, was a courier.)

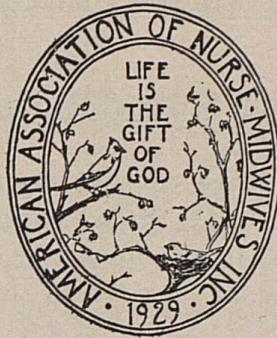
The day-before-Christmas found us jouncing in a jeep down Muncy Creek, fording the Middle Fork of the Kentucky River, driving up the Wendover road. Even the indignant geese, waddling and squawking before us up Pig Alley signaled the uniqueness of Wendover's charm. The Big House welcomed us warmly—its gracious living room fragrant with brightly burning logs, and the lights of the Christmas tree mystically aglow. The hospitality offered us by everyone, made us feel at once a part of the FNS "family." Later came the jolly assemblage of all at the Christmas Eve family dinner, sumptuously good from turkey to the holly-decked plum pudding with tongues of flame licking its steaming goodness.

Then came the time for gathering about the tree for the traditional reading of the St. Christopher story, followed by the opening of Santa's gifts for all—her favorite yellow note pads by the score for Mrs. Breckinridge, twin rubber dolls for Dr. Dornblaser! Last but not least, stockings of rubber toys for the dogs, who had been excitedly sniffing them all evening and now attacked them with avid intentness. Later the joy of carol singing, the Hyden Hospital folk joining us, there at Wendover, made us wish we might stay time, in order to savor more slowly our privileged sharing of Christmas with FNS.

AT THE ENTRANCE OF WALTHAM ABBEY

O God, make the door of this House WIDE ENOUGH to receive all who need human love and a Heavenly Father's care and NARROW ENOUGH to shut out all envy and pride and hate and its threshold SMOOTH ENOUGH to be no stumbling block to children or straying feet but RUGGED ENOUGH to turn back the Tempter's power. Make it the Gateway to Thy Eternal Kingdom through Jesus Christ.

—Waltham, England



AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF NURSE-MIDWIVES, Inc.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the American Association of Nurse-Midwives was held at Wendover on Friday, September 24, 1954. The Frontier Nursing Service was delighted to entertain as guests during this period, Dr. John Parks, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the George Washington University, Miss Hattie Hemschemeyer, Associate Director of the Maternity Center Association, New York, Sister Theophane, Director of the Catholic Maternity Institute, Santa Fe, Miss Pauline King from Akron, Ohio, Mrs. Catherine Lory from Nashville, Indiana, and Miss Wilma Rose from Mt. Carmel, Illinois.

On Friday morning Dr. Parks visited our Hospital at Hyden and the Frances Bolton Nursing Center, called "Possum Bend," at Confluence. The nurse-midwives put their heads together at Wendover and discussed means by which the widely scattered group of nurse-midwives in the United States may be brought together working toward a common goal. It is hoped that as many nurse-midwives as can, will attend a meeting to be called at the time of the Sixth American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology in Chicago in December of this year, so that this subject may be pursued further.

A buffet luncheon was served at Wendover at noon, after which a group of twenty-three assembled for the annual meeting. After a short business meeting, Dr. Parks gave a most stimulating talk on Hemorrhage in Obstetrics. A lively discussion followed his talk and Dr. Parks was most helpful and kind in answering the many questions flung at him by the various members.

We are honored to have such a distinguished obstetrician take time from his busy life to address the annual meeting and to pay an all-too-brief visit to the Frontier Nursing Service.

HELEN E. BROWNE

HAZARD FNS COMMITTEE

At a November meeting of the Hazard, Kentucky Committee, at the home of Mrs. L. H. Stiles, chairman of the Committee for the past two years, the following officers were elected:

Chairman: Mrs. Walter Hull
Secretary: Mrs. Eli Boggs
Treasurer: Mrs. Robert Dixon

During the past year this Committee initiated a unique project. They asked for the names of the entire FNS staff, and the birthday of each. Then their members "adopted" us as "Wide Neighborhood Friends"—remembering birthdays and holidays with gifts and cards; inviting us to visit in their homes; planning for theatre parties, and generally being friendly. A group of our "adopted mothers" as we have come to call them, came to visit us at Wendover for tea in October, and we enjoyed them immensely.

Once again this hospitable and generous Committee has invited the entire FNS staff to a pre-Christmas dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stiles. What a dinner, and what a party it always is!

L. K.

FROM AN ENGLISH COUNTRYMAN

Farm worker about to go into hospital for treatment of gastric ulcer, asked whether it meant an operation: "Well, p'haps an' p'haps not. They be goin' to try peaceful means first."

The Countryman, Summer 1954
Sheep Street, Burford, Oxfordshire

HORSE AND BUGGY

One advantage of the horse and buggy was that even if the driver didn't look where he was going . . . the horse did.

Changing Times

In Memoriam

MRS. FREDERICK W. WATSON

Delcombe Manor, Milton Abbas, England

Died June 13, 1954

"Neither death nor time can part them that love."

—Ian Maclaren (1850-1907)

Twenty years ago Frederick and Hilda Watson made a visit of about a week to the Frontier Nursing Service here in the Kentucky mountains. Superb horsemen both, they made the rounds of our outpost nursing centers with Pebble Stone as their courier escort. Upon leaving they presented us with a horse they named Llanfechain for their country place in Wales.

From this visit there grew up a warm friendship between us and them. When I visited them for a few days at Llanfechain, I was shown their horses and the hounds Mr. Watson kept as master of the hunt. They drove me through their mountains, the glory of Wales, and told me that when Conrad had been taken on the same drive, he had said it was impertinent for such a small country to have such scenery.

In later years they gave up their Welsh place and bought Delcombe Manor at Milton Abbas in Dorset so that Mr. Watson could be nearer his publishers in London, and *The London Times* with which he was connected. The son of Ian Maclaren, beloved Scottish writer of my youth, he was the author of several books. A book of his which will hold its reputation as a great biography is *The Life of Sir Robert Jones* dedicated: "To my wife in memory of her father."

There was much in Hilda Watson to remind those who had known them both, of the compassion, gaiety, and balance of mind that had distinguished the creator of modern orthopedic surgery. She survived by many years both the father and the husband to whom she was all in all. Although she continued to live in the country at Delcombe Manor (with her daughters, Lorna and Flora, until their marriages) she kept in sympathy and intellectual touch with the whole wide world—including us in the Frontier Nursing Service.

During that year of the Second World War, when England

stood alone, we asked several British friends who had stayed with us, of whom Hilda was one, to become members of our Board of Trustees. We felt that in this gesture we clasped their hands. She served us as a trustee until her death.

In closing this brief sketch, we want to refer again to the depth and width of her sympathies. Her husband might have said of her, as he wrote of her father: "Neither loss of strength nor limitation of opportunity could subdue this grace of heart."

ARTHUR BUTLER MCGRAW, M.D.

Detroit, Michigan

Died June 18, 1954

"One whose life makes a great difference for all: *all* are better off than if he had not lived; and this betterness is for always, it does not die with him—that is the true estimate of a great life."

—*Florence Nightingale*, from her
Life by Sir Edward Cook

In measuring the impact of Arthur Butler McGraw upon his generation one moves easily from the outward and visible to the intangible and spiritual.

The newspapers and medical journals had no difficulty in listing the hallmarks of a career that was a matter of distinguished record. Born into a family of wealth and social standing, Arthur McGraw threw himself with ardor into a thorough preparation for his chosen profession. Following graduation from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, he served a two years' internship at St. Luke's Hospital in New York. By 1932 he was Surgeon-in-Charge of the Tumor Clinic at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. But in World War I he had served as a private in the Medical Corps. In World War II he saw active duty in the U.S. Navy, rising to the rank of Captain. Into the distinctions conferred upon him by the medical and surgical associations with which he was identified, we need not go. But we do return to the intangible and the spiritual which so permeated his outward activities that none knew him well without becoming conscious of the Divine Spirit at work in such a life as his. The *Detroit Medical News* comments on this in the following words:

Over the years Arthur McGraw made many friends and it was typical of him that he did his utmost to maintain these

friendships by kindness and uncountable acts of generosity. These characteristics endeared him to many people in all walks of life since in all of his contacts the demands of others were always greater than his own . . . a loyal friend who gave a great deal and demanded little.

In 1921 Dr. McGraw married Miss Leola Stewart. In this marriage, with its happy outward life, gladdened by four children, there was always the inward life, divinely given and shared together. It would not have been possible for him to be all that he was without her. Nor could those who loved them both have thought of them apart, either during his active years, or throughout his long illness.

We in the Frontier Nursing Service counted it as one of our blessings whenever Dr. McGraw came with Dr. Francis Massie to Hyden Hospital to give our Kentucky mountain patients the finest surgery obtainable in the United States. As we join our hearts to those of his wife and children in mourning him, we would say as Florence Nightingale did of William Rathbone: "In remembrance and humblest love of one of God's best and greatest sons."

GEORGE W. KOSMAK, M.D.

New York City
Died July 10, 1954

Lord, support us all day long of this troublous life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in Thy mercy, grant us safe lodging . . . and peace at the last. Amen.

—John Henry Newman, 1801-1890

Dr. Kosmak, great obstetrician and gynecologist, great editor, was one of the earliest physicians to back the work of the Frontier Nursing Service with his endorsement. As early as 1928 he published an article in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology* on our first 130 midwifery cases in the Kentucky mountains. As soon as we had a National Medical Council, Dr. Kosmak came on it, and arranged for me to speak before the New York Academy of Medicine. But Dr. Kosmak, through the Maternity Center Association as well as through the Frontier Nursing Service—and countless other agencies—stood foursquare behind every movement to better the care of women in childbirth, and the babies.

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It has been some years since this brilliant and kind man came down to see us here in the Kentucky mountains, but he and his wife nearly always attended our annual meetings in New York—until the last one. After Dr. Kosmak retired, in his eightieth year, from the editorship of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, this Journal published a marvelous 500-page issue with tributes to him from doctors throughout America and Europe. This special issue of the magazine he had founded in 1920, reached him shortly before his death.

“To die is to spring into life,” said Giordano Bruno some centuries ago. We wish this old friend of ours godspeed in his new field of usefulness, confident that he will not slacken in his utter devotion to the human race, for which his Christian charity knew no boundaries.

MRS. PERCY N. BOOTH

Louisville, Kentucky
Died August 2, 1954

Let Thy Holy Spirit lead us through this world with safety and peace . . . that when we have served Thee in our generation, we may be gathered unto our fathers. . . .

—Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667)

Although Mrs. Percy Booth was not a trustee of the Frontier Nursing Service, she was the wife of one and the mother of another. For nearly thirty years, from the time her husband came on the Executive Committee of our Board of Trustees, Mrs. Booth's life was interwoven with that of the Service, and from the tenderness of her loving heart, she served us in kindly ways. Now she, who fostered so many of the little lovely things of life, has become “a part of all the loveliness which once she made more lovely.”

MR. C. WALTER HOSKINS

Hyden, Kentucky
Died October 14, 1954

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892)

Among the trustees of the Frontier Nursing Service there were a few without whom our work might not have weathered its early years. One of these was Walter Hoskins. And, as the years passed, his devotion to the Service, his activities as a member of our Board of Trustees, continued unabated. There was nothing too trivial to take to him, and no legal problem too complex for him to handle. Deeds to much of our land were drawn up by him after he had cleared the titles through musty old records. He took many a long horseback ride to check on sites for nursing centers, and to talk to leading citizens in the new areas to which we expanded. And yet, we never felt indebted to him because he loved the Frontier Nursing Service, and felt that he—a trustee—was one of those responsible for its well-being. After his death, his wife, knowing his wishes, asked that gifts be sent to the Frontier Nursing Service in his memory, instead of flowers to his funeral.

Walter Hoskins was a member of the Presbyterian Church at Hyden, a member of the Leslie County Bar Association and attorney for the Ford Motor Company interests in this section. He had served as County Attorney of Leslie for two terms. He was a veteran of World War I, and his body was taken to the Veterans National Cemetery at Nicholasville, Kentucky for burial.

As we take our last leave of this dear friend, our hearts turn with affection to the brothers and sisters who survive him, and especially to his wife, who was all in all to him, and the four fine children whom he lived to see grown, and carrying forward in the tradition of honor and responsibility he has bequeathed to them. May God bless them all—as indeed He will.

MRS. WILLIAM E. BRIGHAM

Providence, Rhode Island
Died in October, 1954

HENRY J. GERSTENBERGER, M. D.

Cleveland, Ohio
Died in June, 1954

MR. CHARLES WARREN

Washington, D. C.
Died in September, 1954

MISS NANNIE HITE WINSTON

Louisville, Kentucky
Died in June, 1954

Grant unto us, Almighty God, thy peace that passeth understanding, that we, amid the sorrows of life, may rest in thee, knowing that all things are in thee, under thy care, governed by thy will, guarded by thy love, so that with a quiet heart we may face the clouds and the darkness, ever rejoicing to know that darkness and light are both alike to thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

—The *Grey Book*, 1929
Oxford University Press

During the summer and early autumn months, the Frontier Nursing Service lost four of its friends who held this in common—that they had cared enough about the FNS to give it their support for many years. Although none of them knew our work at first hand, and none of us knew them intimately, we have a sense of bereavement in the passing of each one.

Miss Winston, a communicant of Christ Church Cathedral in Louisville, and a devoted churchwoman, had included the FNS among her charities since 1928, and left the Service a generous legacy. **Doctor Gerstenberger** long ago lent his honored name to our National Medical Counsel. He and his wife gave us their support as well. She has written us of the keen interest in which he always held the work to which he had given his backing in its formative years. **Mr. Warren** and his wife were among our early Washington subscribers, with never a break in their long loyalty. **Mrs. Brigham**, a member from its inception of our Providence committee, not only gave us unbroken financial support but opened her house for one of our meetings, and entertained her guests royally in our behalf.

As I write of the friends who have so lately crossed the Great River, my mind reverts to their loved ones, left mourning "amid the sorrows" of this world. For them, we invoke the Divine compassion in this message from the *Oxford Book of Carols*:

When our hearts are wintry, grieving, or in pain,
Thy touch can call us back to life again,
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been.

M. B.

THE RUNE OF HOSPITALITY

I saw a stranger yestreen;
I put food in the eating place,
Drink in the drinking place,
Music in the listening place;
And, in the sacred name of the Triune,
He blessed myself and my house,
My cattle and my dear ones.
And the lark said in her song,
 Often, often, often
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise;
 Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.—

Old Gaelic Rune recovered by
Kenneth McCleod.
Ember Series—24

OUR MAIL BAG

From Oregon: My husband and I are both blind and he sells blind-made brooms . . . I just finished "Wide Neighborhoods" today on my talking book machine. I consider it one of the most worthwhile books I have ever read. It is beautifully written and is so inspiring that one cannot help loving and admiring you and all your gallant, noble staff and those who have financed your work. You are past seventy-three and a half now. I hope your health is good and that you are still able to be an active participant in the work which has become your whole life. With love and kindest wishes.

From St. Louis: When you put "Wide Neighborhoods" in a talking book you couldn't have known what pleasure you were giving to others. For nearly a year my wife has been enjoying these records and right now is listening intently to yours.

She was particularly intent on the story of your Hebrides trip. Her grandfather ran a small steamer up to Stornaway and told her many tales of the islands when she was a young girl. This is to thank you for a real ray of sunshine that you have sent my wife.

A BIG WOIM

A soldier from Brooklyn was on maneuvers in West Texas. He strolled out into a nearby mesquite break during a rest period and returned shortly with a rattlesnake rattle.

"Where did ya find it?" asked one of his buddies.

"I got it off a big woim," replied the Brooklynite.

—*Kentucky Happy Hunting Ground*
September, 1954

EMERGENCY!

by

MARY HEWAT, R.N., S.C.M.

One emergency that nurse-midwives hate to meet is postpartum hemorrhage. Fortunately this does not occur too frequently, and can usually be quickly controlled with the aid of drugs. However, occasionally the drugs appear to be of no avail and then the midwife must use other methods to stop the bleeding in order to save the woman's life.

On a cold evening last winter Nancy and I were just finishing our dinner when the call came. It was to attend a midwifery patient at a house several miles away on the other side of the river. I asked Nancy to come with me, "in case I had trouble." The patient had had a hemorrhage with one of her previous deliveries. We could have taken the jeep to the house but the river was rising and there was a risk of our not being able to ford the river, so we drove as far as we could and parked at the edge of the road. The son who had come to fetch us carried the heavy saddlebags, and we all scrambled down into a waiting boat. Once over the river it was only a short walk to the house, standing at the mouth of a creek.

Inside the house was very warm, almost too hot after the chill air outside, and the fire was banked high. After examining the mother I found that the baby would be some time in arriving, and after getting everything ready for mother and baby, Nancy and I sat down on either side of the fire to wait. The mother slept peacefully for most of the night, and we dozed and kept the fire going. The room, which had been so hot, was full of icy draughts at three o'clock in the morning.

At five o'clock, as the baby showed no signs of arriving for some time, I decided to return to the nursing center with Nancy. We went to bed for a couple of hours, and after breakfast Nancy went out to her daily nursing visits. I was attending a patient in the clinic when the son called again to say I was needed.

When I got back to the house the woman was having stronger pains, but not frequently, so I made her as comfortable as possible and prepared for another wait. At noon the neighbor who was helping in the house got ready a meal, and we ate it

together. Later that afternoon the children had returned from school and were playing outside when they heard a jeep motor horn blowing across the river. Nancy had finished her district work and come to see how the patient was and to help if necessary. I was pleased to see her.

Very soon the baby was born. As a precautionary measure I gave the drug, which helps control bleeding, immediately after the baby was born, as authorized in our Medical Routine. Everything seemed to be going well while we waited for the placenta to separate. Suddenly the bleeding started—not the little trickle which sometimes indicates separation—but a flood which kept on coming. I tried to make the uterus contract so that I could express the placenta, but I had no success—the bleeding continued. In a matter of seconds the woman had lost too much blood for her own good and for my peace of mind. I remembered the words that had been drilled into our heads during training—“In a grave emergency, when medical aid is not forthcoming, a midwife must not hesitate to do a manual removal.” How I longed for medical aid!

I whispered to Nancy to start the intravenous plasma drip which we carry with us on midwifery cases for emergency use, while I got on with the job as hastily as I could. The patient was splendid and most coöperative and though in my fright it seemed to be taking hours, the placenta was fairly easily removed. The bleeding stopped immediately. The mother's condition gave no cause for alarm—her pulse was steady and colour good—and she said she felt fine. I thought of my shaky knees and guessed she probably felt better than I did.

The mother was left comfortable; the baby, cleansed and in her cot, had been admired by the family. We were given a scalding hot, cup of coffee—most welcome—to drink as we packed the saddlebags. But we refused with thanks the offer to “stay and eat dinner with us.” At home the horses were waiting to be watered and numerous evening chores to be done.

After a final look at the mother and baby we left the house. I had told them the time I would return in the morning. The son rowed us back across the river and put the bags in the back of the jeep. We drove home, both tired and both very thankful that this mother had been safely delivered.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

*"Why do you dress your hearth so fair,
With the red flowers and the white?"*

This is the crown of all the year,
The blessed Christmas night.

*"Why do you leave the door ajar
When the night is wild with rain?"*

There was once a Traveller came from afar
Who might return again.

—The Challenge Ltd.
24 Great Russell Street,
London, W. C. 1, England

This is my Christmas message to you—my kindred and my friends, those of you who live beyond the mountains, and in my own dear neighborhood. For years I have not had the time nor the strength to send cards and letters to you at Christmas. This Season is the busiest of the whole year to us in the FNS as you, who do so much to gladden it for our children, know full well. Thank you.

. . . .

It is a special pleasure to announce that our courier, Barbara Whipple Schilling had an exhibit of her paintings and drawings at the Wolfard's Galleries of Fine Arts in Rochester, New York, early in the autumn. She has promised us a painting for the cover of next year's autumn Bulletin.

. . . .

The September issue of the *Progressive Farmer* carried an illustrated story about the FNS that was written and photographed by one of their editors, Mrs. Anne Haney. Her approach to our work, her style of writing, her willingness to allow us to edit the story in advance of publication—all of this made it pleasant to coöperate with her. The greater part of her story is laid at the Margaret Durbin Harper Memorial Center at Bowlingtown with Olive Bunce as the nurse-midwife featured. A num-

ber of our neighbors around that Nursing Center, who are subscribers to the *Progressive Farmer*, have read and liked Mrs. Haney's article.

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Our former nurse, Dorothy Helwig (Dodie) spoke with the FNS Kodachrome slides on November 30 to the Association for Childbirth Education at the YWCA in Seattle, Washington.

Mrs. James J. Harrison, who visited us this summer, gave a report in September on the work of the FNS to the Board of the Visiting Nurse Association of Little Rock, Arkansas, of which she is a member.

.
Mr. Jefferson Patterson, husband of our Washington Chairman, who was Marvin Breckinridge, has been appointed special representative of the President, with personal rank of ambassador, to the International Exposition and Trade Fair in Sao Paulo which opened November 15. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson are in Brazil as this goes to press, but she will be back in charge of the Washington Committee affairs well before Christmas.

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Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth, Chairman of the New York Committee of the Frontier Nursing Service, requests that subscribers in and around New York who would like to give volunteer time to the FNS at the Bargain Box communicate with her. The day on which such volunteers can be useful is always a **Tuesday**.

Mrs. Wadsworth's address and telephone number are as follows:

Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth (AT-9-4519)
1170 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

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Only two of our eastern cities have lined up the dates they want for their meetings as this Bulletin goes to press. The Boston Committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Arthur Perry, Jr. (former courier Mardi Bemis) will have their meeting on Monday afternoon, January 17. Those of you who live in and around Boston will receive cards of invitation (giving the place and the hour) around the first of the year.

The New York Committee will hold its meeting the afternoon of Thursday, January 20, in the ballroom of the Cosmopolitan Club as usual. Invitations for this will be sent to all subscribers in the greater New York area.

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TOWN AND TRAIN

Lexington and Louisville

It was really hard to leave home the morning of **Thursday, October 28** because the mountains were at their peak in autumn glory. Not since 1951 had we been able to see their coloring because of the heavy smoke from the forest fires of the last two years. I had to make "a soon start" in order to be at the Lafayette Hotel in Lexington to speak to the National Society Daughters of Colonial Wars in Kentucky at their annual luncheon meeting. The State President, Mrs. Walter Carroll Anderson, presided; the former State and National President, Mrs. Benjamin F. Buckley, was present. We had the added honor of a special report from the National President, Mrs. Joseph Barnett Paul, who came all the way from Washington, D. C. to give it. Everybody was most kind to me, and I was elected to membership in the Society. I loved every moment of that meeting, and the visits with my kinspeople and friends that afternoon and evening.

On **Saturday, October 30** I went to Louisville where I was the guest, until Tuesday evening, of Mrs. Charles H. Moorman—one of the closest friends the Frontier Nursing Service ever had or could have. Hundreds of you are familiar with her signature because she has often stayed with us in the late autumn to acknowledge the gifts you all send us at Christmas. With her Georgia and her William (who have been with her for years) to take care of me, I was so spoiled that I haven't gotten over it even yet. After church on Sunday, the delectable younger Charles Allens, of our Executive Committee, came for dinner.

Monday, November 1 was a busy day, and a precious one to me. Since it was All Saints Day, Lily Moorman and I went to her church, St. Mark's, for the service that to us both is the most meaningful of the Christian Year. Then we dropped down town

to the Norton Infirmary to see our beloved National Chairman, Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, who is now recovering nicely from a broken hip. In my long conversation with her, I found her eager for all the latest FNS news so I poured it out in bucketfuls. After this we drove to the Baptist Hospital where our Recording Secretary, Mrs. William H. Coffman, had lately had a cataract removed from her left eye. She, too, wanted every bit of the news I could give her, and lay in bed beaming at me out of her right eye. Then Mrs. Moorman and I hurried back to her place in the country where our Louisville Chairman, Mrs. Marshall Bullitt, had lunch with us, and we did enjoy her. There was time for us to get a spot of rest before William served us an early tea. Then Floyd, Mrs. Belknap's chauffeur and an old friend of mine, drove us back to downtown Louisville for a large dinner at the hospitable home of Miss Mary Verhoeff, First Vice-President of The Filson Club. Thus I met a number of the officers and members of the Board of Directors of the Club, and some of its staff, in advance of going over to the clubhouse to speak.

Last spring when I accepted the honor of talking before this fine historical group, I had a delectable correspondence with Mr. Richard H. Hill, Secretary of the Club, who insisted that I give a title to my talk. So I said my subject would be: KITH AND KIN—"Oure kyth where we are knowyn." The President, Judge Davis W. Edwards, introduced me in a delightful manner. When I had finished he asked our FNS trustee, Mr. Edward S. Jouett, to top me off—which he did in such glowing terms that I had to call a halt to him. The whole evening was memorable because of the friendliness of everyone, and the presence there of some kin and a lot of kith.

The **Tuesday** was a rather quiet day for me. I had another visit with my National Chairman, Mrs. Belknap, who was all ready with questions to fill out the gaps in the long report I had given her the day before. Then Mrs. Moorman and I had tea with her neighbors, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon. To complete the restfulness of the whole weekend, Mrs. Moorman had given me a perfect book to read—the biography of Beatrix Potter, creator of *Peter Rabbit* and the like.

Tuesday night Floyd drove us to the station where Mrs. Moorman saw me off on my train for Chicago.

Chicago

Our Chicago Chairman, Mrs. T. Kenneth Boyd—a deeply courteous person—wanted to meet my train very early **Wednesday morning, November 3**. I didn't let her know the railroad or the time of arrival because she lives out at Winnetka, and I couldn't bear the thought of the long drive for her and Anthony, her chauffeur. With no trouble at all, I got a porter and a taxi and sped to The Drake Hotel where Mrs. Boyd soon joined me. Our only engagement that afternoon was a recording for a broadcast over NBC's Public Service Program on WMAQ. This took the form of an interview by a pleasant woman, Mrs. Clifton Utley. She and her husband are both widely known in their field. I did have time for a spot of rest before dining with my cousin, Mrs. John Alden Carpenter.

Our big meeting, under the auspices of the Chicago Committee, took place at eleven o'clock the next morning, **Thursday**, in the Gold Coast Room of The Drake Hotel. Mrs. Boyd and our old courier Katherine Trowbridge (Mrs. Edward Arpee) were down at The Drake early to carry the brunt of all details, which included the moving picture machine and professional operator. We did a unique thing at this meeting. Mrs. Boyd and I both spoke only briefly before we plunged the huge room packed with people into stygian darkness. First we put on Marvin Breckinridge Patterson's film of a quarter century ago. Then we followed it with the movies Mrs. Boyd had taken here in the mountains last year. Hers are in color and, like Marvin's, are wonderful amateur productions.

After the performance I met a host of friends—more than I can name because I couldn't bear to leave out any. But I must tell about one. When Wilma Begley from our Bowlingtown, Kentucky section (who years ago went with our "Inty" up to Illinois to be educated) when Wilma stopped before me, I just hugged her. After all the greetings we moved into one of The Drake Hotel dining rooms where Mrs. Boyd had a luncheon for me, and where a number of the committee members had arranged luncheons for the friends they brought to the meeting.

My last day in Chicago, **Friday, November 5**, was spent with the Boyds out at Winnetka. She and I had hours of work to do on lists, et cetera. But there was time to enjoy her lovely

mother, Mrs. Albright, and her husband as well as Michael, the little grandson who is visiting them. She had friends to come and play bridge later in the afternoon, with a chat over tea, and then a family dinner.

Madison and Milwaukee

From **Saturday** until **Sunday morning, November 7** I stayed with my cousins, Elizabeth and Raymond Agard in Madison—two of the people I love most in the world.

On **Sunday**, my cousin Joseph Carson, who had come over to Madison for the University's Saturday ball game, drove me back with him to Milwaukee. In Joe's and Katherine's house I was again with loved cousins. Sunday afternoon we all went to Christ Church for the christening of my very young kinswoman, Jane Alice Kelly—one of the loveliest babies, barring none, that I have ever met. That evening my niece, Kitty Voell and her husband "Red" gave a supper party out at their place, in honor of the christening, as well as in my honor, to which all were invited, including godfather and godmothers. All came except Jane Alice herself and her invalid grandmother. The young Waller Carsons brought their three children; the Bill Kellys their older daughter, who (with the godparents' boy and girl) added up to a bevy of young ones—welcomed by the three lovely little Voell girls to their playroom—which runs the length of the house and has a large open fire—where the children had their supper.

Monday was my busy day. After a quiet morning with Katherine Carson, whose heart condition is such that she could not go to my engagements with me, I went with Joe to show our moving picture and speak at the Milwaukee-Downer Seminary. Here I was received with the deepest kindness by the principal, Mrs. Nar Warren Taylor, by my old young friend, Mrs. Gertrude Gardner Miller, and some 200 or more entrancing girls. It was hard to leave a crowd like that—but the evening's entertainment lay ahead.

Joseph Carson gave me a beautiful party at the Milwaukee University Club, to which he had invited some of his own friends, and all of our subscribers in the Milwaukee area. First I showed Marvin's moving pictures again, after speaking briefly, and then

we had a social time, with refreshments for which the University Club is famous. Joe and I stayed on later for the pleasure of dining at the Club with Mr. and Mrs. Norman FitzGerald and their married daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Osborne from Racine. This dinner was lots of fun because Mrs. FitzGerald, as a Miss Patton called Pat, had been one of the CARDS in our old American Committee for Devastated France; and her daughter Patton, called Patsy, had been an FNS courier. Mrs. FitzGerald, to my joy, had recently been back to France and gone all over the Aisne where we worked together more than a generation ago. Patsy had lovely bits of news to give me about her children and their pet animals which ranged from dogs to turtles and frogs.

Lincoln, Illinois

Early the morning of **Tuesday, November 9**, Joseph Carson took me to the station where I caught a train for Chicago. There I transferred to another train on another line for Bloomington, Illinois where Mrs. Charles H. Woods met me in her car, and drove me to her home in Lincoln.

My first acquaintance with my delightful hostess had come about in Washington when I spoke at an annual meeting of the National Society of Daughters of Colonial Wars. We liked each other so much that we exchanged occasional letters, and Mrs. Woods sent me a memorial of her son, Lt. Norman Stanley Woods, a pilot of the Troop Carrier Command of the U. S. Army Air Forces who had lost his life over England. Then I sent her a copy of a memorial to my nephew, John Cabell Breckinridge, who was killed in Korea. In the course of time Mrs. Woods asked me to speak to the Woman's Club of Lincoln for a generous fee payable to the Frontier Nursing Service. That is how it chanced that I was her guest for some twenty-four pleasant hours.

On the Tuesday night she had friends at dinner to meet me, and on **Wednesday**, she had another group for lunch with me—remarkable women, both groups, public spirited, widely read, and many of them widely traveled as well. I wish it were possible to write a biographical sketch of each one! I also saw a little something of Mr. Charles Woods, an attorney with a distinguished career but forced now by ill health to leave most of his

work in the hands of his son Robert. Both the son and his attractive wife came over to spend an hour with me.

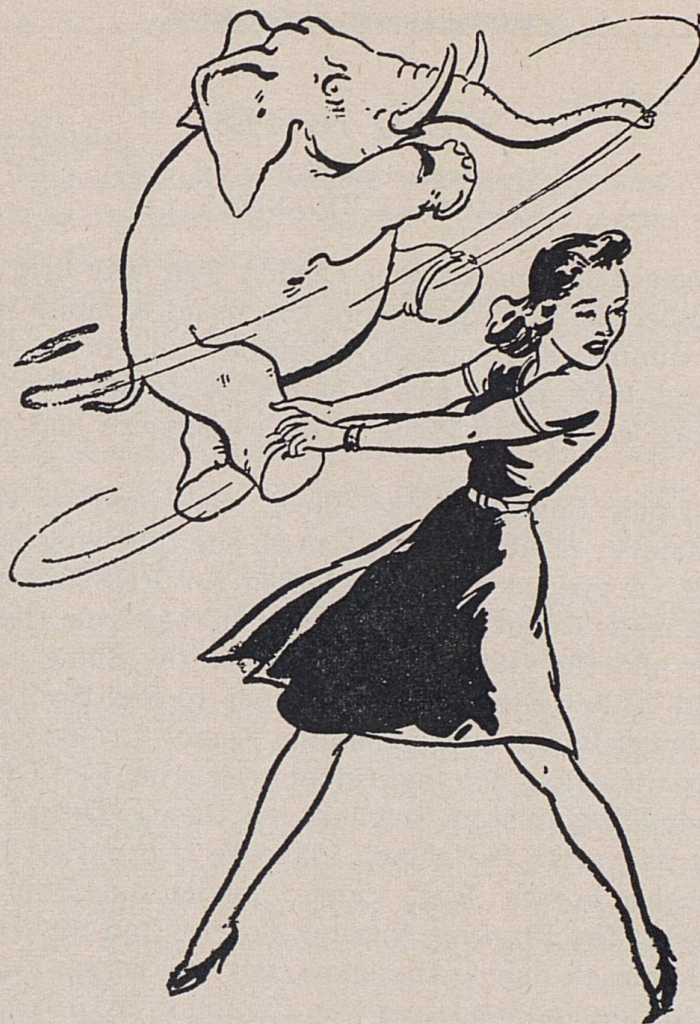
Mrs. Woods and her colleagues had done such a good job of advance publicity that there was a fine attendance at the Woman's Club meeting on the Wednesday afternoon. Aside from the club members, special guests had been invited—physicians, nurses, public health people, and members of the Red Cross boards of Logan County, as well as representatives from the college and the high school. Mrs. Frank House, chairman of the Public Health Department of the Club, introduced me in a few, well-chosen, kindly words. Then I made my talk. Afterwards I had the pleasure of meeting a good many more members of the Lincoln Woman's Club before Mrs. Woods drove me out to the country for tea with Mrs. Thomas A. Scully at her lovely place with its gardens, lawns, trees and animals. Then it was time to leave. Robert Woods took his mother and me to the station at Lincoln where I caught a train for Chicago. There I crossed the city and caught a train for Cincinnati, where on the **Thursday** morning, I caught a train for Lexington, Kentucky. It is the traveling part of these trips beyond the mountains that wears me down. Speaking doesn't tire me, and I like people. Always I come back home stored afresh with unforgettable memories.

Wendover

After a night in Lexington, seeing something of my kin people and old friends, I drove back home with Bobby Hunt who had come out of the mountains on social service business. Almost at once I had to get to work on this autumn Bulletin!

Mary Beckwith

WHITE ELEPHANT



DON'T THROW AWAY THAT WHITE ELEPHANT

Send it to **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE**,
1175 Third Avenue, New York 21, New York

You don't have to live in or near New York to help make money for the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box in New York. We have received thousands of dollars from the sale of knickknacks sent by friends from sixteen states besides New York. The vase you have never liked; the *objet d'art* for which you have no room; the party dress that is no use to shivering humanity; the extra picture frame; the old pocketbook;—There are loads of things you could send to be sold in our behalf.

If you want our green tags, fully addressed as labels, for your parcels—then write us here at Wendover for them. We shall be happy to send you as many as you want by return mail. However, your shipment by parcel post or express would be credited to the Frontier Nursing Service at the Bargain Box if you addressed it

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We shall be much obliged to you.

FIELD NOTES

Compiled and Edited by
LUCILLE KNECHTLY

The eleventh annual Leslie County Fair was held in Hyden on September 23-25. There were the usual exhibits of sewing, cooking, canning, home-grown vegetables and fruit. This year, for the first time, there was a Merry-Go-Round, Ferris Wheel, Tilt-a-Whirl, and Chair Plane. The youngsters had a glorious time!

The Leslie County Horse Show, sponsored by the Hyden Junior Chamber of Commerce, was on the following Saturday—October 2. A special class was listed for FNS horses. Every effort was made to get as many of our horses from the Hospital, Wendover and the Outpost Centers into the Show as possible. Our friend Walter Begley took his truck to Red Bird, and transported Ninalei Bader and her horse, Kemo; Joy Broomfield and Prince Charlie whom Joy had ridden over from Flat Creek. Judy Porter rode Missy in from Bowlingtown the day before, and home again the day after the show. Likewise two nurses brought in the Confluence horses. Ruth Vander Meulen rode Bobbin in from Beech Fork. The Frontier Nursing Service had thirteen entries. It poured rain all during the show, but our horses (and riders) are used to rain and mud, and won the following prizes:

Best FNS Walking Horse:

- 1st prize—**Camp** ridden by Lucille Knechtly
- 2nd prize—**Cindy** ridden by Jean Hollins
- 3rd prize—**Prince Charlie** ridden by Joy Broomfield

Best Leslie County Walking Horse:

- 2nd prize—**Camp** ridden by Jean Hollins
- 3rd prize—**Flicka** ridden by Nancy Boyle

Best Leslie County Five-Gaited Horse:

- 2nd prize—**Camp** ridden by Judy Porter
- 3rd prize—**Doc** ridden by Jo Sagebeer

Best Leslie County Lady Rider:

- 1st prize—**Nancy Boyle** on Flicka

The horses had won \$100.00 for their FNS, and each of them received the following letter from Mrs. Breckinridge:

October 7, 1954

Dear Horses,

I am thrilled to receive your prize money checks which your riders have donated in your names to the Frontier Nursing Service.

Please tell your riders that the receipts for these checks are going to them because I don't want to trouble your darling heads with business matters.

This letter is first, to thank you; and second, to tell you that all of the money will be spent for you. An immediate need is for new bridles. There are other needs, immediate, and constantly arising. The best is none too good for each one of you.

Very gratefully and affectionately,
(Signed) Mary Breckinridge

Nancy Boyle also won first prize as Best Lady Rider in the afternoon show in a class open to county and outside-the-county horses and riders. She sent her two prizes as Best Lady Rider to Mrs. Breckinridge with the following explanation: "Flicka and I have planned for a long while that, with the judges' cooperation, we would send our show money to you, and thought it could be used towards new saddlebags to replace those we let float away down the Middle Fork." (Reported by Nancy in winter, 1954 Bulletin—*How To Be a Wet Nurse.*) Flicka's and her wishes are being complied with, of course.

. . . .

Our good friend Dr. Francis Massie of Lexington was selected as the new president of the Kentucky Chapter of the American College of Surgeons at its meeting in Louisville on September 20.

Dr. Massie, with his assistants, Dr. J. B. Holloway, Miss Laurene Adair and Miss Louise Griggs, came up to Hyden Hospital for his annual autumn surgical clinic October 13-16. Twenty-one operations were successfully performed.

On the Wednesday the Hyden ladies again helped with refreshments for the crowd of people who came for examinations by the surgeons. The following furnished sandwiches: Mrs. Martha Cornett, Miss Oma Lewis, Mrs. Fred Brashear, Mrs.

Elmer Begley, Mrs. Roy Sizemore. Mrs. J. D. Begley, Mrs. G. C. Morgan and Mrs. Edna Melton helped with the serving.

On the Friday night, as is now a tradition, Dr. Massie and his staff came to Wendover for the traditional dinner of spoon bread, chicken hash, and turnip greens with always "plenty more in the kitchen!" These evenings are pure joy to us at Wendover, and add to our indebtedness to Dr. Massie and those who accompany him and give so freely of their time and talents, twice yearly, for the people in the Kentucky mountains.

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Of the six students entering the twenty-ninth class of the Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery this autumn, three are on FNS scholarships, and three are graduate nurses preparing for the mission field. Carolyn Banghart and Helen Farrington—both graduates of The Johns Hopkins Hospital School of Nursing—and Ruth Burleigh, a graduate of New York-Cornell, are scholarship students and will remain with the FNS after graduation. Margery Benedict, who trained at the Emanuel Hospital in Portland, Oregon, has served in the mission field in French Equatorial Africa, and will return there. Gloria Fuchs, whose training school was at the Milwaukee, Wisconsin Hospital, has an assignment to the mission field in India. Myra Adamson, a graduate of the University of Washington School of Nursing, Seattle, was born in Africa of missionary parents, and plans to return to the mission field in Africa.

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"Mardi Cottage," the home of the midwifery students at Hyden, was the scene of two delightful parties this October. On the 12th the entire staff was invited to a party in honor of the students who were graduating. On the 30th, we were invited there for a Hallowe'en party given by the students of the present class.

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We welcome to our staff a new British nurse-midwife, Miss Margaret Hobson, who arrived in September. She is serving a preliminary term as Hospital midwifery supervisor. Audrey Williams, who had carried this hospital position through a very busy summer, is now at our Red Bird Nursing Center. Florence

Shade is now district public health nurse at Hyden, with Jean Becker as her co-worker.

Anna May January, as supervisor of the wards at Hyden Hospital this autumn has been invaluable to the hospital staff, and particularly to Betty Lester. Monica Hayes has been carrying the work of the Wendover district.

Two of our overseas nurses have gone home for visits this fall—Bridget Gallagher of Ireland, and Olive Bunce of The Isle of Wight. Barbara Dickson-Otty is relieving for "Bridie" at our Brutus Nursing Center, and Jo Sagebeer for Olive at Bowlingtown.

We have welcomed to our secretarial staff at Wendover this November Miss Helen Bobbitt of Lexington, Kentucky. Before coming to us Miss Bobbitt was office secretary for the Kentucky Council of Churches in Lexington.

The junior couriers who have assisted Jean Hollins admirably during the last three months are: Judy Porter of Oxford, Maryland, and Jane Leigh Powell of Long Island, New York. Jane (whom we call Leigh because of the confusion resulting from having a nurse Jane, a courier Jean, and a jeep Janie) hopes she will remember that she *is* Jane when she returns to her family! She is the only junior with us now, and when she leaves in early December, Jean's only help will be the auxiliary couriers—off-duty assistant directors, nurses, and secretaries!

In early October Pebble Stone came back to us for two weeks. It was great fun having her, even for such a short, short time. After leaving Wendover she flew to New Mexico to visit Rose Evans (Cherry), and then on to California for a visit with relatives there. She planned to be home, on Long Island, before Thanksgiving Day.

We are fortunate in having again this autumn for their six-week field period in Social Service, two Keuka College students—Nancy Harmon and Barbara Stolt. They work constantly with Barbara Hunt in her social service duties which, at this time of year, include preparations for our Christmas parties. In this huge undertaking Bobbie has also had the help of Betty Dabney of Lexington. Friends from beyond the mountains—as

always—are showering us with gifts, and as this Bulletin goes to press preparations are well underway for all of our Christmas parties everywhere.

We are grateful indeed to the family of the late Taylor G. Bingham of Hazard, Kentucky for the gift of a wheel chair and leg rest for the use of our patients.

To Don Wooton of Big Creek, Kentucky we are most grateful for the gift to Hyden Hospital of a Balkan frame. Early in the summer Mr. Wooton's little girl was taken into our Hospital with a fractured arm which needed extending before it could be put into a cast. We had no Balkan frame at all, and had used everything available for improvising on a similar case that had come in a few days before. Mr. Wooton's little girl had to go on to the Hazard Hospital, but he has given us the money for a Balkan frame in order that Hyden Hospital can easily take care of any other child with such a fracture.

Helen Browne and Jane Furnas represented District No. 13 at the annual meeting of the Kentucky State Association of Registered Nurses and the Kentucky League for Nursing in Lexington October 26-29. At their banquet Jane, as President of District No. 13, was presented with the gavel honoring District 13 for having come nearest to its quota for membership in the State Association of Registered Nurses for the year. The members of this District are proud to have the gavel, and hope it will spur them on to obtaining one hundred per cent membership.

After the meeting Jane left for a holiday with her family in Arizona.

At the Sixth American Congress on Obstetrics and Gynecology to be held in Chicago in December, Helen Browne and Jane Furnas will represent the Frontier Nursing Service, and each will lead a round table discussion on the Education and Functions of the Nurse-Midwife in the U.S.A.

On December 4, Barbara Hunt will be the guest of honor at a luncheon meeting of the Kentuckiana Chapter of the Alpha Omicron Pi Sorority in Louisville. Bobbie will speak and show

slides of her social service work in the FNS, which is supported by the Alpha Omicron Pi National Sorority.

Mr. Paul Love, American Red Cross First Aid and Water Safety Representative for our area, recently came to Hyden Hospital again and gave a course for First Aid Instructors. The classes were held in the evening, and all our Hyden nurses, with the exception of Betty Lester and Anna May January, attended. Betty and Anna May relieved the evening nurses in the wards and in the clinic during the class sessions.

Mr. Love, who is always thinking of nice things to do for the FNS outside the line of duty, has made some beautiful big FNS signs for our jeeps.

We welcomed at Wendover again this autumn our trustee, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, of Detroit, Michigan. Although an octogenarian, her interests are still a thousandfold and country-wide. In a note from her recently she told us she would be flying to Arizona for Thanksgiving, then back to Detroit for important meetings there the following week. She plans to attend the FNS Executive Committee meeting in Louisville, Kentucky on December 14, and—some time in December, she will go to New York for a meeting of another group there.

Another trustee came back to see us this fall—Mrs. Roger K. Rogan of Glendale, Ohio. With her came her British friend, Mrs. Cecil Rowntree. We enjoyed them both tremendously.

Another out-of-state trustee who plans to attend the December Executive Committee meeting is Mrs. Seymour Wadsworth of New York City. We shall have the good fortune of a week-end visit from her at Wendover, preceding the Louisville meeting.

During the last week of October, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson of Parksley, Virginia came to visit us. Mrs. Johnson, as Clara Louise Schiefer (Pete) was FNS social service secretary eight years ago. One of their three days here was spent in an all-day horseback trip up the left-hand fork of Camp Creek, over the ridge, and down the right-hand fork. Pete stopped and chatted at practically every home on the creek. The next day, when signing in the Wendover guest book under "Remarks," Eric

quoted the following from Kipling: "Sometimes we go where the roads are, but mostly we go where they ain't."

Four or five pages in our guest book have been filled this autumn with the names of friends and families of the staff who have come to see us, and of guests from far and near who have stopped for just an hour or two. We can never tell of them all.

One delightful professional guest who is with us as this is being written, and who will join in our family gathering on Thanksgiving Day, is Miss Adelia Eggestein. She, who is nurse consultant with the World Health Organization in El Salvador, is spending several days observing the work of our nurses, and nurse-midwives in the Hyden Hospital and on the districts.

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The sympathy of the entire FNS staff goes out to our colleague, Hope Muncy, in the loss of her brother, Gilford Muncy, in a hunting accident in Ohio this past September. From an article in *The Thousandsticks* (the Hyden weekly) we quote:

Gilford was a veteran of World War II, and was stationed in Italy when Ernie Pyle, the famous news correspondent, was there covering the war. Pyle, in several of his articles, wrote about Gilford, and all who knew him can easily understand why he found him so interesting. The correspondent also devoted a chapter in his book "Brave Men" to Gilford.

JUDGMENT

"Life shall be judged, not by its grasp, but by its reach; not by its failure to receive, but by its faith to dream and dare."

—The Reverend Hugh Black, in 1906

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S.C.M. stands for State Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse, whether American or British, who qualified as a midwife under the Central Midwives Boards' examination of England or Scotland and is authorized by these Boards to put these initials after her name.

C.M. stands for Certified Midwife and indicates a nurse who qualified as a midwife under the Kentucky Department of Health examination and is authorized by this Department to put these initials after her name.

FORM OF BEQUEST

For the convenience of those who wish to remember the Frontier Nursing Service in their wills, this form of bequest is suggested:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath the sum of _____ dollars (or property properly described) to the Frontier Nursing Service, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Kentucky."

HOW ENDOWMENT GIFTS MAY BE MADE

The following are some of the ways of making gifts to the Endowment Funds of the Frontier Nursing Service:

1. **By Specific Gift under Your Will.** You may leave outright a sum of money, specified securities, real property, or a fraction or percentage of your estate.
2. **By Gift of Residue under Your Will.** You may leave all or a portion of your residuary estate to the Service.
3. **By Living Trust.** You may put property in trust and have the income paid to you or to any other person or persons for life and then have the income or the principal go to the Service.
4. **By Life Insurance Trust.** You may put life insurance in trust and, after your death, have the income paid to your wife or to any other person for life, and then have the income or principal go to the Service.
5. **By Life Insurance.** You may have life insurance made payable direct to the Service.
6. **By Annuity.** The unconsumed portion of a refund annuity may be made payable to the Service.

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The principal of the gifts will carry the donor's name unless other instructions are given. The income will be used for the work of the Service in the manner judged best by its Trustees.

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE, Inc.

Its motto:

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm
and carry them in his bosom, and shall
gently lead those that are with young."

Its object:

To safeguard the lives and health of mothers and children by providing and preparing trained nurse-midwives for rural areas in Kentucky and elsewhere, where there is inadequate medical service; to give skilled care to women in childbirth; to give nursing care to the sick of both sexes and all ages; to establish, own, maintain and operate hospitals, clinics, nursing centers, and midwifery training schools for graduate nurses; to educate the rural population in the laws of health, and parents in baby hygiene and child care; to provide expert social service; to obtain medical, dental and surgical services for those who need them at a price they can afford to pay; to ameliorate economic conditions inimical to health and growth, and to conduct research towards that end; to do any and all other things in any way incident to, or connected with, these objects, and, in pursuit of them, to coöperate with individuals and with organizations, whether private, state or federal; and through the fulfillment of these aims to advance the cause of health, social welfare and economic independence in rural districts with the help of their own leading citizens.

Articles of Incorporation of the
Frontier Nursing Service, Article III.

DIRECTIONS FOR SHIPPING

We are constantly asked where to send gifts of layettes, toys, clothing, books, etc. These should always be addressed to the **FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE** and sent either by parcel post to **Hyden, Leslie County, Kentucky**, or by freight or express to **Hazard, Kentucky**, with notice of shipment to Hyden.

If the donor wishes his particular supplies to go to a special center, and will send a letter to that effect, his wishes will be complied with. Everything will be gratefully received, and promptly acknowledged.

Gifts of money should be made payable to

FRONTIER NURSING SERVICE,

and sent to the treasurer

MR. EDWARD S. DABNEY,

Security Trust Company

Lexington 15, Kentucky

Subscribers are requested to send their names and addresses—with their checks—for the convenience of the treasurer in mailing his receipts to them—as required by our auditors.

A BIT ABOUT ASSOCIATE EDITORS

It is hard for an amateur editor like me to get this Bulletin flung together four times a year. It would be a sheer impossibility without the help of several of my colleagues. These lines are written in grateful appreciation.

M. B.

Statement of Ownership

Statement of the Ownership, Management, and Circulation required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233), of

THE QUARTERLY BULLETIN

of Frontier Nursing Service

Published Quarterly at Lexington, Kentucky, for Autumn, 1954.

(1) That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., Lexington, Kentucky.

Editor: Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Kentucky.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Manager: None.

(2) That the owner is: Frontier Nursing Service, Inc., the principal officers of which are: Mrs. Morris B. Belknap, Louisville, Ky., chairman; Mrs. Charles W. Allen, Jr., Louisville, Ky., Mrs. Henry B. Joy, Detroit, Mich., Judge E. C. O'Rear, Frankfort, Ky., vice-chairmen; Mr. E. S. Dabney, Lexington, Ky., treasurer; Mrs. W. H. Coffman, Georgetown, Ky., and Mrs. George R. Hunt, Lexington, Ky., secretaries; Mrs. Mary Breckinridge, Wendover, Ky., director.

(3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

(4) Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

MARY BRECKINRIDGE, Editor.

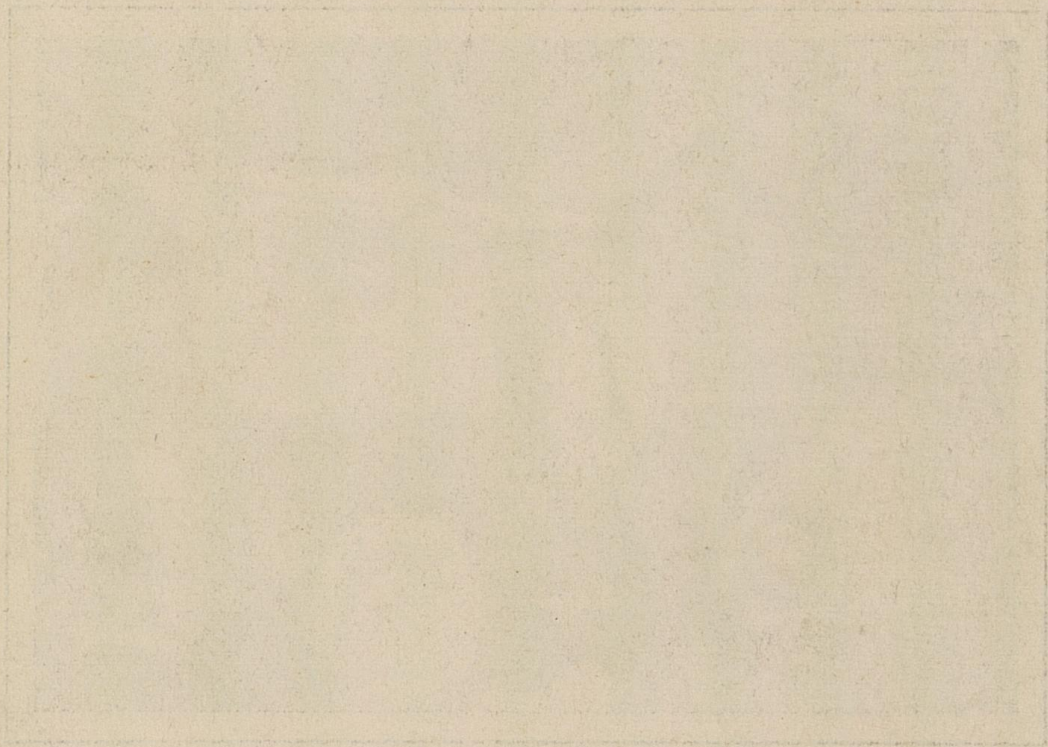
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1954.

LUCILLE KNECHTLY, Notary Public,
Leslie County, Kentucky.

(My commission expires March 8, 1955.)



BARBARA HUNT, B.A. and her jeep "APPLE PIE"
Alpha Omicron Pi Social Service Secretary
of the
Frontier Nursing Service



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